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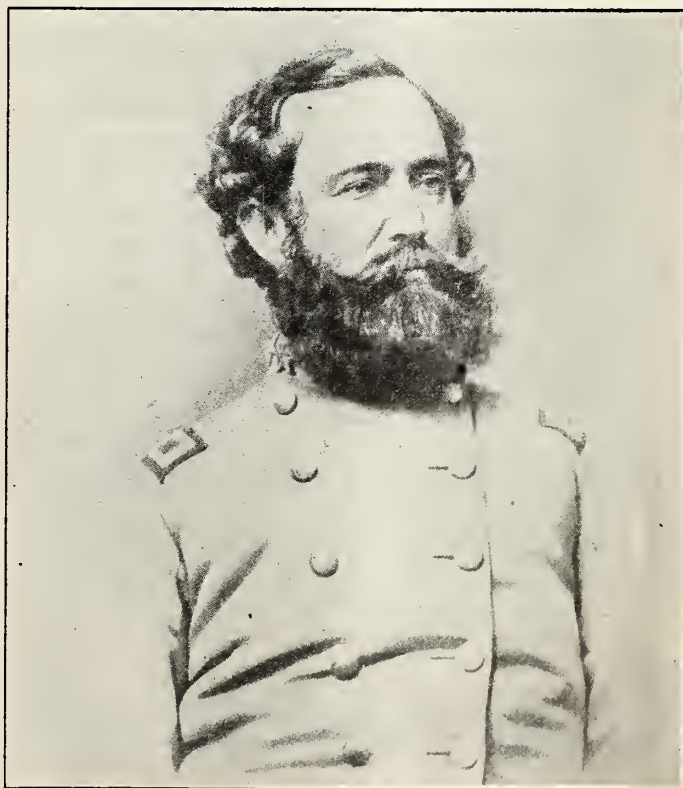
Confederate Veteran.



VOL. XXXVI.

DECEMBER, 1928

NO. 12



GEN. WADE HAMPTON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA
From a war-time photograph in the Photographic History of the War.
By courtesy of the Review of Reviews Company. (Page 448.)

TO FLOWER LOVERS.

Among the VETERAN readers there are many thousands who love to grow their own flowers, from which they derive recreation, pleasure, and health. To them the gladiolus is doubtless well known as the "satisfactory" flower, responding so beautifully to the care bestowed upon it, and they will be interested in this offer of gladiolus bulbs which are guaranteed, for the editor of the VETERAN has had splendid success with bulbs from the same source and would not make the offer without knowing they were to be depended on. The bulbs are small, but are guaranteed to bloom the first year.

This is the offer for December: Add twenty-five cents to your renewal order, and the VETERAN will have a package of twenty bulbs sent to you postpaid (the packages run from twenty to twenty-five bulbs). These packages are of mixed varieties or all of "Le Marechal Foch," a fine, large pink, as may be preferred.

This offer good for December. Order from the VETERAN at once.

GOOD WORK FOR THE VETERAN.—Some recent reports from Capt. J. W. Porter, Commander of the Camp at Shawnee, Okla., place to his credit some twenty-seven new subscriptions secured there by his efforts, and many of these take the book on General Lee in connection with the subscription, a total of \$78 being sent with these orders. Captain Porter writes that he is now nearly ninety years old, but still able to get around among his friends and will always do what he can to keep the VETERAN alive. With such an example of interest in our journal of Confederate history, and such a start for the intensive campaign which is planned for the building up of the VETERAN's circulation, the result of it should mean a circulation doubled in 1929. Who will be the next to join in this good work?

A SPLENDID RECORD.—Rev. William Cocke writes from Huntington, W. Va., in renewing his subscription: "I love to read the VETERAN, and am proud of having been a Confederate soldier for three years and eight months. I am one of Stonewall Jackson's boys and furnished the litter bearers to take him off the field when he was wounded. All of his boys loved him and had absolute faith in him. . . . I am now the only living member of Company H, 22nd Virginia Infantry; was in twenty-one battles, and had two ribs broken, but lost only ten days out of my service during the war."

ALABAMA'S LIBERAL PENSIONS.—Referring to the article in the VETERAN for November, S. C. V. Department, page 436, on pensions paid by the Southern States, and in which it is stated that Arkansas is the most liberal in providing for its Confederate veterans and widows, to whom is paid \$50 per month, Rev. H. S. Doak, of Huntsville, Ala., writes: "Alabama also pays her veterans \$50 per month, the legislature of 1927 having raised it to this amount." So this gives Alabama priority in the good work, and Arkansas has followed a good example.

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J. R. Russell, Sr., Bonham, Tex., is interested in securing a pension for an old veteran there, J. P. Helton, who served in Company A, 1st Tennessee Regiment, enlisting at Knoxville, Tenn., in May, 1862; his home was in Knox County nine miles from Knoxville. This old comrade is now eighty-five years old and in need of a pension and will appreciate hearing from anyone who can testify to his service in the Confederate army.

D. C. Morris, of Lexington, Mo., is trying to get a pension for Charles Robert Zeysing, but has no data on his record; he remembers only that he was in the battle at Cynthia, Ky., and also in Vicksburg with his father, Ervin Zeysing. This comrade is now eighty years old and has nothing to depend on, and the effort is to get him in the Confederate Home of Missouri.

Mrs. Violet Durr, Box 82, Elmore City, Okla., would be glad to hear from anyone who can testify to the service of her husband, Thomas A. Durr, who served with Company A, 5th Kentucky Infantry, enlisting September 16, 1862, at Williamstown, Ky. She is old and needs a pension.

Capt. W. W. Carnes, of Bradenton, Fla., needs the January, February, March, and June numbers of 1893 to complete his file of the VETERAN, and anyone having these copies to dispose of will please communicate with him.

Miss R. E. Ricks, 326 Sunset Avenue, Rocky Mount, N. C., has a large painting of "The Burial of Latané," by W. D. Washington, which she offers for sale.

WANTED TO BUY

Confederate Postage Stamps.

Particularly those still on the original envelope. Also U. S. Postage *Used Before 1875*. Look up grandfather's old papers and write me what you have.

A. ZIMMERMAN,

1324 Oldham Avenue, Lexington, Ky.

Walthall's Brigade

A Cursory Sketch with Personal Experiences of

WALTHALL'S BRIGADE
Army of Tennessee, C. S. A., 1862-1865

By E. T. SYKES

LATE ADJUTANT GENERAL, WALTHALL'S BRIGADE

With an Introductory under date of September, 1906, by a committee of three comrades of the Brigade—viz.: Hon. Thos. Speight, M. C., Late Capt. 34th Miss. Regt.; Judge J. W. Buchanan, Late Capt. 24th Miss. Regt.; Col. T. C. Carter, 27th Miss. Regt.

Price, \$1.50

Order from Miss Augusta J. Sykes, Columbus, Miss.

Confederate Veteran

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. } VOL. XXXVI. NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER 1928 No. 12. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. } FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

A BUSY MAN AT NINETY-TWO.

Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, ex-Commander in Chief, U. C. V., who was ninety-two years old on November 7, is at his office as president of the Fort Worth National Bank at eight-fifteen each morning. Work keeps him young.

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades, Daughters, Sons: In the November issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I called your attention to the historic facts of my personal observation and knowledge in regard to the beginning of the War between the States at Fort Sumter, in April, 1861. In the December issue of the VETERAN I invite your attention to historic facts of my own personal observation and knowledge at the close of the indefensible, economic war, waged in the cruel spirit of Puritan intolerance and selfishness.

Early in June, 1865, in company with hundreds of fellow soldiers returning to their respective homes, I marched afoot from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to my home city of Montgomery, the "Cradle of the Confederacy." As we passed through the hallowed fields where thousands of our dear, dear brothers were sleeping, the question would come to mind: "Has the light of civilization been extinguished, and are we now living in the dark ages?" Wanton desolation everywhere! I vividly recall the pathetic scenes of this depressing march, and will remember them to the end. Among these comrades were probably a score of one-legged soldiers on their crutches, moving slowly along, and in spite of their disabled condition they would greet their fellows with a smile, or a joke, as we, in passing, would put our arms around them, always with loving words; often it would be with tears responding to tears.

It has been justly claimed that among the Confederacy's great contributions to the world have been the character of its leadership, its acceptance of defeat with equanimity and without apology, and its patience in suffering.

We confidently invite the truthful historian of any people in any age to show a public servant superior to our martyred chief, Jefferson Davis, in the cultural graces of personal bearing and in the virtue of unselfish patriotism, in heroic endurance, in devotion to principle, in nobility and integrity of character. No cause ever had a grander champion, no principle a purer victim. His fame belongs to us now. In the future it will belong to the world. We point with pride to the clear record that the Confederate government was administered on a plane of manly courage, absolutely devoid of duplicity and prevarication, and the war waged in the spirit of humanity, as well as on the open plane of fearless defiance. In fraternal spirit,

A. T. GOODWYN, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

SOUTHERN PARENTHOOD.

BY HALLIE M'CORMICK VINSON.

Our heroes of the South now sleep in peace—
 Our fathers, our beloved mothers, too;
 Loyal they were and faithful to a cause
 They thought was righteous, justified, and true.

No thought of self, a sacrifice for all—
 They answered "Here," and gladly stepped in line,
 Those heroes true, who heard their country's call
 And thought of home and homeland as a shrine.

Shall we not heed the call that comes to-day,
 Their children, left behind, to carry on?
 Shall we not tell the world in song and lay
 The beauty of their deeds and lives now gone?

Yes, we must catch the torch and know no fear;
 The shield, they proudly bore, we must not mar—
 Those knights of old, our parents loved and dear,
 Who, brave in death, have crossed the eternal Bar.

FATHER RYAN'S BROTHER.

In the search for definite information on the service rendered by Father Abram J. Ryan to the Confederacy, the record of his brother, David Ryan, to whom he dedicated two beautiful poems, has been discovered. Mr. Ramon George Egan, 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich., sends it to the VETERAN, with request for additional information about young Ryan, Capt. Patrick Simms, with whom he served, and J. C. Slaughter. Mr. Egan writes:

"David Ryan enlisted in September, 1862, at Springfield, or Bryantsville, Ky., in Capt. Patrick Simms's Company K, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, which was under command of Col. R. S. Cluke, John H. Morgan's 2nd Cavalry Brigade, Third Division, Army of Tennessee. David Ryan was either mortally wounded or killed in action in the vicinity of Monticello, Ky., about April 11, 1863. J. C. Slaughter, who reported Ryan's death, was connected either with Captain Corbett's company, Kentucky Artillery, or with Company E, 14th Kentucky Cavalry."

It seems strange that the information on Father Ryan's service should be so meager, when his personality made him a distinguished figure wherever he was. It is said that he was chaplain in the Army of Northern Virginia, also that he served in that capacity with the 8th Tennessee Regiment, but no official proof of this has been established. However, it is hoped that there may yet be found some one who can give definite information of him during the War between the States, when he must have given that service which his intense loyalty to the South would have called forth.

FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK.—Mrs. Gen. R. E. Lee recently presented thirty-seven pairs of gloves, made with her own hands, to a detail of men from the 52nd Regiment, North Carolina troops, engaged in rebuilding the Plank road near Orange Courthouse, Va.—Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, Muncie, Kans.

A CORRECTION THAT DOES NOT CORRECT.

The story of the book bound in human skin, now in a library in Denver, Colo., reproduced in the VETERAN for November (page 403), brought the following from H. F. Montgomery, of Anniston, Ala.: "I noticed the article of Frank S. Reynolds some weeks ago in the *Argosy* (*All-Story-Weekly*), and at once wrote the publishers for the address of the writer. They sent my protest on to him, and his letter in response is inclosed. It is dated at Fort Morgan, Colo., and he says: "*My Dear Mr. Montgomery*: I have just heard from the *Argosy* people of New York, who referred your letter to me, and I note what you have to say in regard to Gen. John Hunt Morgan. I am sorry that this mistake was made, and I shall right it with the publishers. There is, of course, a book in the school in Denver bound in Indian skin, but the Indian was killed by another John Morgan [evidently]. My city was named after a General Morgan, and, looking over the list of Morgans, I see there was a John Hunt Morgan and a John Tyler Morgan, both in the Civil War. It might have been John Tyler Morgan who presented the book to the school, or some other John Morgan, but it was not Gen. John Hunt Morgan. I always try to get the facts; in all of my long period of writing, this is the first mistake; but I shall right it with the publishers, in justice to the general. By the way, the man whom this city was named for was also in the Civil War, from Kentucky. . . . While John Hunt Morgan was born in Alabama, yet he spent most of his time in Kentucky, as some of my great uncles knew him."

Mr. Montgomery adds: "Was there ever such ignorance or bad faith, I should say. I wrote him again and assured him that it was not John Tyler Morgan either, and for him to look among the Yankee generals for a Morgan to suit his purpose."

The idea of associating any such repulsive deed with either of the Morgans mentioned, or with any Confederate soldier, is too ridiculous, and this space is given to further mention of the subject simply to show it up in all its falsity.

CORRECTIONS.

In the article on President Lincoln's Inaugural, by Capt. S. A. Ashe, in the October VETERAN, some omissions were inadvertently made by the "make-up man" and not caught in revision, and these omissions caused an indefiniteness in some of the paragraphs which rather destroy the meaning, therefore, the VETERAN wished to make these corrections. Omitted parts in italics.

On page 367, ending the first paragraph, the closing sentence should be: "Up to this time, each Colony had only tacitly agreed to coöperate in measures to secure *their rights as British subjects.*"

On same page, same column, the paragraph beginning "So the Declaration was the act of the colonies," should end thus: "This confederation was to go into effect only in *case and when each State had agreed to it. The last one to agree to it was Maryland in 1784. Before 1781 there was not even a confederation between the States.*"

WAR.—But what cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness that God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace.—Robert E. Lee, to Mrs. Lee, Christmas Day, 1862.

HONOR TO THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

A most beautiful tribute of loving pride and patriotism was paid on September 24, at Robinson Springs, Elmore County, Ala., to Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans, and his no less accomplished wife.

The occasion marked the opening of the Consolidated School for its third year's work, and in the large auditorium were gathered children representing the fifth generation known to General Goodwyn. The arrangement was ideal in that the youth and older persons from the West Elmore communities and other sections were gathered to pay tribute to this illustrious representative of our Golden Age of Heroes.

General Goodwyn, descended from a noble line of ancestry, has from youth to age upheld a standard of gentle breeding, intellectual culture, and high attainments, which have had far-reaching influence among those who have been privileged to know him. From a boy's prize at school to honorable positions in the war of 1861-65, and other high honors to the zenith of his manhood, Commander in Chief of the Confederate Veterans, give great pleasure and joy to those who claim General Goodwyn for their very own, and who keenly appreciate honoring him in his native home.

The occasion was touching and beautiful. The auditorium, filled with bright-faced school children, like lovely flowers set in a frame of older persons, filling every seat and nook, was an exhilarating scene to those on the stage, who were Gen. A. T. Goodwyn and Mrs. Goodwyn, General Wilkerson, Commander of First Alabama Brigade; Hon. H. H. Hall, Commander of Robinson Springs Camp; Capt. Paul Sanguinetti, Mark D. Young, Joseph Reese and W. D. Hogan, all of Camp Robinson Springs. Rev. R. H. Hudson offered a prayer. Hon. R. T. Goodwyn, son of the honorees, gracefully introduced the speakers, naming his mother as the "Commander of the Commander in Chief."

General Goodwyn made a splendid and impressive address to the youth of the community. Mrs. Goodwyn told many interesting and spirited incidents of the General's boyhood. Mrs. H. H. Hall gave a beautiful address on General Goodwyn as a neighbor, a citizen, and a soldier. Miss Eva Frazier read a paper briefly outlining General Goodwyn's career in the Confederacy. Mrs. Scott Trevarthen sang, "The Homespun Dress," accompanied by Mrs. Charlie Edwards. Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw and Mrs. N. G. Elmore, from Montgomery, paid thrilling and stirring tributes to the Confederacy. Many tributes of flowers, candy, and telegrams were received and the happy hour closed with "America" in concert. The Parent-Teacher Association served delicious refreshments.

IN APPRECIATION.

The Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C., passed the following resolution:

"Whereas, the United Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled at Little Rock, Ark., in May, 1928, elected as their Commander in Chief Gen. Albert T. Goodwyn, of Alabama; therefore, be it

"Resolved by the Sophie Bibb Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Montgomery, Ala.: 1 That we are deeply grateful that this highest honor within the gift of the veterans was bestowed upon a distinguished Alabamian.

"2. That we rejoice in this tribute to a beloved friend and share the joy of his wife, who is one of our valued members.

"3. That we felicitate the veterans upon choosing as their standard bearer the highest type of Southern gentleman, a Christian, patriot, and scholar."

Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, Mrs. W. J. Hannah, Mrs. Bibb Graves, *Chairman*.

TO CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING.

Fair day, and fairer greeting, friend,
All joy be yours, within, without.
May gladness girdle you about
And love lead on till journey's end.

May high adventures of the dawn
Return in memory's aftermath,
And down the magic bridle path
May knightly deeds still spur you on.

They never age whose names are set
In fame's immortal diadem,
And you who companied with them,
Bear something of their glory yet.

Now peace her healing wings has spread
And plucked from ancient wounds their pain;
And wedded years threescore and twain
Have passed serenely o'er your head.

May she whose presence decks your days
And makes each forward-faring stage
A high and lovely pilgrimage,
Enrich with sunshine all your ways.

Sweet thoughts keep vigil on your hearth,
Till drawn by contacts rich and rare;
Children, and children's children there,
Will find a Paradise on earth.

Across the surge of swelling seas,
I send this ship of rough-hewn rhyme,
And trust that in its charted time
In haven it shall rest at ease.

A heavy cargo crams the hold,
Of wishes numbered without end;
Take these in simple token, friend,
Of what my words would fain unfold.

These lines were written by Barbara Ross McIntosh, the young Scotch poet referred to in the *VETERAN* for September. In appreciation of the friendly interest shown by Captain Dinkins, who wrote her of the approaching anniversary, she wrote the poem in commemoration of this interesting event of November 15, 1928, completing sixty-two years of happy wedded life.

THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH.—That the cause we fought for and our brothers died for was the cause of civic liberty, and not the cause of human slavery, is a thesis which we feel ourselves bound to maintain whenever our motives are challenged or misunderstood, if only for our children's sake. But even that will not long be necessary, for the vindication of our principles will be made manifest in the working out of the problems with which the republic has to grapple. If, however, the effacement of State lines and the complete centralization of the government shall prove to be the wisdom of the future, the poetry of life will still find its home in the old order, and those who loved their State best will live longest in song and legend—song yet unsung, legend not yet crystalized.—*Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve*.

LEST WE FORGET.

BY CHARLES W. SUPER, ATHENS, OHIO.

The fact seems to have been singularly overlooked that the first translation of the Iliad into English on this side of the Atlantic was made in Virginia as early as 1825 by William Munford. The work was not again undertaken until near the beginning of the seventies of the last century, when W. C. Bryant published a translation of the Iliad.

William Munford was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., in 1775, and died in Richmond in 1825. His father had been a soldier in the war of the Revolution and was the author of two dramas entitled "The Candidate" and "The Patriot," both of which were printed in Petersburg, Va. Both dramas dealt with the Revolution and were considered spirited in their day.

William Munford studied law under George Wythe. He was elected State senator and held several public offices, the last being that of Clerk of the House of Delegates. He was the author of a volume of poems which was published in Richmond near the close of the eighteenth century. In 1800, he delivered a eulogy on his friend, Chancellor Wythe, in the capitol at Richmond.

Munford completed his translation of the Iliad in or about 1825, but it was not published until 1844 in Boston in two fine volumes. These volumes have become very scarce, and the copy that afterwards came into my possession is the only one I have seen for sale. The Library of Southern Literature contains a brief quotation from the volumes, but I have not noted any biographical information. The editors of the work do not seem to have appreciated the important place in American literature occupied by Munford's work. This translation of the Iliad is not only remarkable for its excellence, but hardly less so as the work of a man who lives in a comparatively out-of-the-way part of the world at a time when books were difficult to obtain even in the largest cities on this side of the Atlantic.

William Munford, lawyer and poet, was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., in 1775, and was the son of Robert Munford, the dramatist. After receiving his education at William and Mary College, he was admitted to the bar and soon became prominent in the politics of the State. It is said that his classical tastes were developed under the eminent George Wythe, who was his instructor in law. Besides a work entitled "Poems and Compositions in Prose" (Richmond, 1798), in which there are some delicate touches of thought, he also made an excellent translation in verse of Homer's Iliad, which was published in two volumes by a Boston firm. He died in 1825.—*Library of Southern Literature, Volume XV.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.

From the vale, what music ringing
Fills the bosom of the night
On the sense, entranced, flinging
Spells of witchery and delight!
O'er magnolia, lime, and cedar,
From yon locust-top, it swells,
Like the chant of serenader,
Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
Sweeter sounds were never heard!
'Tis the song of that wild poet—
Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

—Alexander Beaufort Meek.

COL. ST. LEGER GRENFELL, C. S. A.

CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. CHEW, DALLAS, TEX.

Referring to the special inquiry in the VETERAN for November, in relation to Col. St. Leger Grenfell, in 1863, Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle (afterwards Lieutenant General Sir Arthur W. Fremantle, Governor of Malta, etc.), of the Coldstream Guards English Army, has this to say in his "Three Months in the Southern States," published after his return to England. In that part which relates his visit to the Confederate army in Alabama, commanded by Generals Polk and Bragg, (date May 30) he says: "Ever since I landed in America I had heard of the exploits of an Englishman called Col. St. Leger Grenfell, who is now Inspector General of Cavalry to Bragg's army. This afternoon I made his acquaintance. I consider him the most extraordinary character I ever met. Although he is a member of a well-known English family, he seems to have devoted his whole life to the exciting career of a soldier of fortune. He told me that in early life he had served three years in a French Lancer regiment, and risen from a private to *sous lieutenant*. He afterwards became a sort of consular agent at Tangier, under old Mr. Drummond Hay. Having obtained a perfect knowledge of Arabic, he entered the service of Abd-el-Kader, and under that renowned chief he fought the French for four and a half years. At another time he fitted out a yacht and carried on a private war with the Riff pirates. He was brigade major in the Turkish contingent during the Crimean War, and had some employment in the Indian mutiny. He has been engaged in war in Buenos Ayres in the South American republics. At an early period of the present troubles, he ran the blockade and joined the Confederates. He was adjutant general and right-hand man to the celebrated John Morgan for eight months. Even in this army, which abounds with foolhardy and desperate characters, he has acquired the admiration of all ranks by his reckless daring and gallantry in the field. Both Generals Polk and Bragg spoke to me of him as a most excellent and useful officer, besides being a man who never lost an opportunity of trying to throw his life away.

"He is just the sort of man to succeed in this army, and among the soldiers his fame for bravery has outweighed his unpopularity as a rigid disciplinarian. He is the terror of all absentees, stragglers, and deserters, and of all commanding officers who are unable to produce for his inspection the number of horses they have been drawing forage for. He looks about forty-five, but in reality he is fifty-six. He is rather tall, thin, very wiry and active, with a jovial English expression of countenance, but his eyes have a wild, roving look which is common amongst the Arabs. When he came to me, he was dressed in an English staff blue coat, and he had a red cavalry forage cap, which later General Polk told me he always wore in action, so making him more conspicuous. He talked to me about (General) John Morgan. He said in one of the celebrated telegraph tappings in Kentucky, Morgan, the operator and himself were seated for twelve hours on a clay bank during a violent storm, but the interest was so intense that the time passed like three hours."

It would be interesting to know what the government record in Washington would show as to why this heroic Englishman was persecuted after the war was over.

Out there is Appomattox, where on every ragged gray cap the Lord God Almighty laid the sword of his imperishable knighthood.—*Henry W. Grady.*

COMMANDER SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

In the death of Gen. D. W. McLaurin, commanding the South Carolina Division; U. C. V., the organization lost one of its most active and prominent members. Death came to him on July 14, at the old home near Dillon, S. C., to which place he had gone after attending the State reunion, U. C. V., in Bennettsville, June 13-15. He had lived in Columbia for the past twenty-five years, but he could never call any place home except his plantation in Dillon County. He had served in the office of the Comptroller General and was put in charge of the Confederate pensions. In 1919, he was elected as Pension Commissioner and took charge of the office at Columbia. He had previously served as a member of the State legislature and as land commissioner, and was a well-known figure in public life of the State for many years.

Daniel W. McLaurin was born in Marlboro County, S. C., December 16, 1843, a son of Laughlin L. McLaurin, the family distinguished not only in South Carolina, but in other parts of the South. One ancestor, John McLaurin, came from Scotland in 1783, at the age of eighteen and located on land near the present town of McColl, and which was long known as the McLaurin plantation.

Daniel W. McLaurin and his twin brother, Hugh L. McLaurin, served with Company G, 23rd South Carolina Infantry, A. N. V., with Evans's (later Wallace's) Brigade, and he was almost constantly on duty in Virginia, except for the period the brigade was assigned to duty during the siege of Vicksburg. He was three times wounded, and was captured shortly before the surrender and taken to Point Lookout prison, from which he was released as late as July 3, 1865.

After the war he gave his best years to agriculture, and then followed his years of public life. He was one of the original trustees of Winthrop College, and for over fifty years was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was married in 1868, to Miss Martha C. Lucas, of Marion County, who died some years ago. He is survived by one brother, Luther McLaurin.

In the VETERAN for September, 1925, appeared an interesting article on the McLaurin twins, of South Carolina, giving their records as Confederate soldiers and the reminiscences of Gen. Daniel McLaurin of the Hundley, the first successful submarine, on which he had done some work when stationed on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, in 1864.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER IN 1863.

BY CAPT. RICHARD BEARD, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

After the battle of Chickamauga and the disaster to Bragg's army at Missionary Ridge, both armies, Federal and Confederate, retired into what Grover Cleveland would have called a state of "innocuous desuetude," the Federal army going into quarters between Chattanooga and Tunnel Hill, Ga., while the Confederate soldiers of what became General Johnston's army built their log huts, with stick and dirt chimneys and clapboard roofs, on the hillsides about Dalton, and took their winter's rest, and there they were to remain until the opening of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign.

During this interval I managed to secure a leave of absence from the army for twenty-five days. I had been wounded at Chickamauga and was sent to LaGrange, Ga., where I was to remain until I was again fit for duty. I fell in love with the beautiful little city and was charmed with the people whom I had the good fortune to meet. So I determined to spend my leave of absence there. LaGrange has now become one of the most interesting and progressive cities of Georgia.

Soon after my arrival I met W. J. Whitthorne (commonly

known as Billy Whitthorne) and Joe Percy, of Nashville, Tenn. Both of them belonged to the 1st Tennessee Regiment, and I knew them well. In later years Whitthorne became colonel of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in the Spanish-American War, and so highly distinguished himself and his regiment in the Philippines as to receive the commendation of President McKinley. After the war, Joe Percy became a doctor of fine repute in Texas.

We three secured lodging and board at the home of a Mr. Bohannon, who lived in the heart of the town. He was an old gentleman, quiet and unobtrusive; he didn't seem to be engaged in any business, and his whole income seemed to be derived from his three boarders. There were no luxuries on the family table, and there was even a woeful scarcity in the very necessities of life.

Soon after we were installed in our room, he informed us that he had a turkey for the Christmas dinner. This was delightful news to us, and we looked forward with gratification to the coming Christmas. He frequently talked of his turkey, and it seemed to be the pride of his life. But on Christmas Eve, as I was sitting alone in our room, the old gentleman came in, looking sad and forlorn, and at last he said to me:

"Captain Beard, I have bad news to tell you."

Surprised, I responded: "What is it, Brother Bohannon?"

"The turkey died last night; he died of a sore throat."

"Well," said I, "that's bad, sure enough."

"Well," said he, "don't you think we can eat him anyhow?"

"Well," said I, "I reckon so," but I had no idea of eating any part of that turkey.

The old gentleman passed out and soon Whitthorne came in, and I told him of the tragedy of the turkey. He was shocked, but game, and said: "We'll not eat any of the turkey, but let's not tell Joe Percy anything about it, so we'll have the joke on him."

Christmas day came on and the Christmas feast was spread on the table. I thought to myself that I had never seen a finer looking turkey. There he lay in that dish, stuffed with truffles to the throat, swimming in rich gravy, and garlanded with sprigs of green parsley; I hated to turn that turkey down, but I had to do it.

Brother Bohanan commenced carving. He whacked into the turkey, and put a large piece of the breast on his plate and handed it to me, saying: "Captain Beard, have a piece of the turkey?" "No," said I, "Brother Bohanan, I have had too much Christmas, and I don't feel like eating any of it." This rather stumped the old gentleman. The plate was passed to Whitthorne, and he declined. I don't recall his excuse, but this stumped the old gentleman more than ever. It then passed on to Joe Percy. "O, yes," said Joe, "I'll take it. There is nothing that I enjoy more than a Christmas turkey."

The dinner came to an end, and we scattered. A short time after dinner, I was again in my room alone, and Brother Bohanan came in; he looked sad and woebegone. He sat down and said to me: "Captain Beard, I can't understand why you didn't eat any part of the turkey at dinner?"

"Well," said I, "the reason is that you told me the turkey had died with a sore throat, and I couldn't think of eating any part of a diseased turkey."

"O," said Brother Bohanan "didn't you know what I meant? I just meant that we had cut his head off."

This was a boomerang. I felt hacked. Whitthorne and I had lost the best part of the Christmas dinner on account of the facetious remark of Brother Bohanan; but we made up our loss to some extent by attacking the cold remnants of the turkey at supper.

But Joe Percy had the joke on us.

WADE HAMPTON, THE CAVALRY LEADER, AND HIS TIMES.

[An address made before a historical meeting of the Goochland (Va.) Chapter, U. D. C., by Mrs Julia Porcher Wickham.]

Wade Hampton was the Moses of his people, the God-given instrument to help them free themselves from their enemies. Having accomplished this task splendidly, with the help of Gen. M. C. Butler and other patriotic associates, he retired to the Governor's Mansion in Columbia, where he reigned peacefully for four years, and died in an honored old age. When the white men of the State were again in the ascendancy, you can imagine how the people rejoiced as they went about the tasks of their daily lives, free at last from that plague of carpetbaggers and their negro associates which had overrun South Carolina after the war.

Why this State should have been so peculiarly afflicted in this way more than any of the others I do not pretend to know, but I have before me, as I write, a photograph of the Radical legislature of South Carolina which preyed upon the people of the State until, after a hard fight, they were driven out by Hampton and his men. This was known as the Reconstructed legislature. Fifty of them were negroes and mulattoes, thirteen were white men, all of them "fellows of the baser sort," as the Bible expresses it. Of the twenty-two among them who could read and write, only eight could speak grammatically; forty-one could only make their mark; nineteen paid taxes to the amount of only about one hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and the rest paid none at all—and yet it was this body that had the power to levy taxes on the white people of that impoverished State of over four millions a year for six years. I am telling you this to show the crisis Hampton and his associates had to meet, and did conquer gloriously.

And now for our hero himself!

Three great South Carolina soldiers, his forbears, had borne the name of Hampton, so he came naturally by his fighting spirit. His grandfather fought in the Revolution, and was made a major general for his distinguished services. After this war was over, he turned his attention to the planting of cotton and became one of the richest planters of the United States.

Wade Hampton II fought at the battle of New Orleans by the side of Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," of whom it is said that he resigned more offices in the service of the United States than any other man had ever occupied! When the victory of New Orleans was won, Hampton was sent to tell the news to President Madison. The only way then to make the journey was to ride through the country from the Mississippi Valley to Columbia, S. C., the distance being about seven hundred and fifty miles. He rode one horse the whole way. This noble animal swam rivers, plunged through swamps, followed unbroken trails, and completed the journey in about ten days, an average of seventy-two miles a day. From Columbia, Colonel Hampton went by public conveyance to Washington and delivered Jackson's message to the President.

When that war was over, Colonel Hampton lived for the rest of his life at Millwood, the beautiful home of the Hamptons near Columbia, which, doubtless, it gave Sherman great pleasure to have burned down when his star was in its unfortunate ascendancy.

Wade Hampton III was born in Charleston, March 28, 1818. He was brought up at Millwood, and led the country life of a boy of his period. He owned fine horses and became, as a matter of course, a skillful rider and a keen sportsman. He received his education at home, principally from tutors, until

he was ready to enter the College of South Carolina, where he completed the prescribed course. Afterwards he spent some time in the study of law, though he never became a lawyer, but after the death of his father, took charge of the large estates he had inherited. His habit was to spend his winters on his plantation in Mississippi, much of his time on horseback, frequently in the swamps hunting bear. He was so strong physically that he could lift from the ground to the shoulders of his horse the body of a large bear, slain in the chase, and thus carry it home. It was said that no other man in that whole region was strong enough to lift a weight like that.

When the war began in 1861, Hampton at once started to raise a troop of footmen and cavalry, which was called The Hampton Legion, a name destined to become celebrated throughout the South and North. Taking these men, he moved rapidly north and arrived at Manassas on the morning of the first battle of that name. His six hundred riflemen took an immediate stand near the stone bridge, and for two hours kept back a large body of the enemy. Hampton then led his men forward with a rush until, struck by a bullet, he himself could go no farther, but his men charged on until they drove the enemy back, capturing two of their cannon and fighting on until the end of the battle.

At the battle of Seven Pines, he led an entire brigade of infantry, and he took part in all the battles around Richmond, having the honor at one time to command one of Jackson's brigades of foot soldiers. It was said that during the hottest of the fighting he was always cool and bold and skillful. He was just in his native element.

General Hampton was at this time about forty-four years old. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with an unusually handsome face. His manner was full of that genial South Carolina courtesy for which the men of his class and time were noted. He was as polite to a private as he was to the commanding general. The very tones of his voice showed how he loved his men, and they adored him.

The *Charleston News and Courier* of October 10, 1894, contained the following interesting account of one of General Hampton's most thrilling and successful adventures, which, much abbreviated, I will give in the words of the writer, who had shared the experience. He said:

"After that fateful day—May 11, 1864—when a bullet from the enemy took from the cavalry corps its great commander, J. E. B. Stuart, at Yellow Tavern—that man whom Longstreet said was the greatest cavalryman America ever saw; that man upon whom Jackson threw his mantle, like Elijah of old; that man upon whom General Lee depended for eyes and ears—General Lee did not have to look for his successor; no, he was close at hand, and had carved his name with his saber high in the list of the world's great soldiers. It was Wade Hampton upon whom the mantle fell; and who was worthier?

"But, I am writing now of Hampton's great 'cattle raid,' in September, 1864, which very few people seem to have heard of, but which was one of the most brilliant and successful deeds in all Confederate history.

"In the early part of 1864, General Lee's army was facing Grant's at Petersburg. The Confederate soldiers were hard up for food. Sometimes we had bread, sometimes meat, sometimes neither. On the 8th of September, General Hampton reported to General Lee that his scouts had discovered a large herd of cattle, belonging to the enemy, on Coggin's Point, on James River, and asked permission to go down and drive them into our own lines. The General was probably hungry himself, and reluctant to let so much good food go to waste.

"Permission being given for the raid, the arrangements were rapidly made. Only men accustomed to the country and the use of the ax were taken along. The command left Wilkinson's Bridge at an early hour on the 15th and struck out on a trail for Sycamore Church, in Prince George County, a central point and nearest the cattle, and the place where the largest force of the enemy was camped. General Hampton's idea was that by disposing of them there, it would be impossible for the enemy to concentrate any force in time to interfere with the main object of the expedition. By a forced march, the command reached the Blackwater. General Hampton knew that the bridge had been destroyed, and purposely selected this route, as the Federals would not be likely to look for an attack from that quarter. When we reached this bridge, we were halted and dismounted, while arrangements were being made to get us across. I shall never forget how the boys went out into the fields and dug up sweet potatoes, but, being stopped when they were going to make fires, ate them raw!

"The bridge rebuilt, we crossed over the Blackwater at night, and were particularly enjoined not to make any noise. Nothing was heard but the steady tread of the horses and the rattle of sabers. The guns of the artillery had been muffled with grain sacks. Some time about half past three or four, we were halted in a road, very dark, and overhung by branches of trees. Everything was as still as death. One by one the men would slip down from their horses, overcome by fatigue, and soon most of us were dozing on the ground with our bridle reins around our elbows. The horses, too, slept and showed no disposition to move or disturb their sleeping masters. At five in the morning, General Rosser made the attack. At the sound of the first gun, every man who had dismounted sprang to his horse, and we heard the well-known 'Rebel Yell,' that cry which had struck terror to our enemies on a hundred bloody fields. It is an exultant sound, unshrouded by the form of words. We rode the picket down and found the camp on both sides of the road. Some, of course, were up and on guard, but the majority of the Federals were in bed in their little buttoned tents. We ran them out and took them prisoners in their night clothes. I remember how forlorn they looked as we mustered them later in the day, many sitting on barebacked horses with nothing on but their shirts.

"General Rosser, it appears, had about as much as he could attend to. He encountered Colonel Spear's 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, the same command that had made a name for itself as a fighting regiment. They made a good fight for their meat, but Rosser whipped them, and they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field as well as their camp. General Rosser, without delay, began to drive the cattle out. General Hampton said later, in his report to General Lee, that there were 2,486 of them. We made all haste to get out of the woods, General Rosser leading with the cattle. We had a fight around Ebenezer Church, and I well remember how the dismounted men, as they advanced through the bushes to a mill pond, bellowed like the bulls, and called to the Yankees to come over and get their cattle. However, we got back to our camp after having traveled one hundred miles and had two fights, but, best of all, we had brought an abundance of fresh meat for General Lee's starving army, and many of his men had not tasted any for months. Meanwhile, the Federals had learned something of what was going on, and general after general sent dispatches to one another, but nothing was done; still we had carried out a raid which I think ranks as high as any performance of any troops—and I am surprised that it has not been given the prominence it deserves."

This interesting account of a noteworthy deed was written by Col. D. Cardwell, probably of the Ashland, Va., family of that name.

About this time, General Hampton was himself very severely wounded. He describes it in a letter to a friend: "I have been pretty roughly handled, having received two saber cuts on the head, one of which cut through the table of my skull, and a schrapnel shot in my body, which is there yet. But I am doing well and hope to go home in a few days."

At Brandy Station, his eldest son, Preston Hampton, rode recklessly into the very hottest fire. His father sent his son Wade to bring him back. As young Wade reached him, Preston, mortally wounded, fell from his horse, and the one brother stooping to raise the other, was himself shot down. General Hampton dismounted, kissed his dying boy and, leaving them both in the hands of his friends, rode back into the thickest of the fight. At the head of his men he fought the rest of the day. Wade recovered, but the General said that he must be removed to another command, for he never would endure another such day of agony.

He was not able, unfortunately, to save his home town, Columbia, from destruction by Sherman, being, indeed, far away at the time; but, late in the war, at Fayetteville, N. C., Hampton gave Sherman's cavalry a hard blow. At early dawn, with drawn swords, one thousand Confederate horsemen dashed into the camp where five thousand Federal cavalymen lay asleep. Among the tents rode the Confederates, led by Hampton and Butler. The whole body of Federal cavalry was scattered and nearly a thousand wounded, killed or captured. . . . And thus the fighting went bravely on until the end came with the surrender of the armies of Generals Lee and Johnston.

The Carolinians, who had fought so bravely for their country, returned now to their homes to find many of them burned and themselves in utter poverty. Mrs. Chestnut, of South Carolina, tells in her "Diary" of their return to their plantation near Columbia, and, finding that among all the white people of the party, none had enough money to pay a ferryman his fare, her negro maid put her hand in her pocket and brought out a sufficient amount to get them home.

After the third and last Confederate governor had been led from his office to a Federal prison, the country which had for so long borne the honorable name of the Commonwealth of South Carolina was called Military District No. 2 (which you know was also done in Virginia). Negroes were put into Federal uniforms and given entire charge of the affairs of the unfortunate State. It cannot be denied that there existed a feeling of deep enmity against the State in Washington and that nothing was left undone there which would try to the utmost the patience and endurance of the people.

Every negro was given the right to vote, but this was denied to all white men who had in any way aided the Confederacy, which, of course, meant all the decent men of the State. This time, from 1868 to 1874, came to be known as the "Time of the Robbers." All power was in the hands of the Negroes and a few white men who had flocked to the State to enjoy the loot, which was to be found in abundance on all sides. The Federal judges were the most venal creatures possible, and no justice was to be had from any of them if the complainant was a native South Carolinian. If a negro stole from a white man, the latter invariably found, to his astonishment, that if the case came before the court, it was he who always received the punishment.

The political campaign of 1875-76 was probably the most exciting one that this or any other country ever went through;

and it was a red-hot one in South Carolina, where the native-born population was determined, cost what it would, to overthrow the carpetbag and negro government and to rid themselves of a tyranny that was no longer bearable. None but a desperate people would ever have thought it could be done, because the negroes greatly outnumbered the whites, and also because it was necessary to avoid any conflict with the United States government, which was *behind the negroes*. Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. M. C. Butler, and Capt. Frank Dawson (editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*) were the leaders of that forlorn hope.

Rifle clubs were formed all over the State. The members of these were called by the carpetbaggers "Red Shirts," because, for economical reasons, they wore red shirts in place of more expensive uniforms. The carpetbaggers tried to give the national government the idea that these clubs were composed of bandits, when the truth was they were made up of veterans of the war and of young men who had grown up in the interval, and who came from the best families of the State. Where ever there was a political meeting, there "Red Shirts" would appear and insist on a division of time with the Republican orators.

I seem to have neglected to say that his was when General Hampton was running for governor against a Republican candidate. His friends had asked him to become the Democratic candidate, and he consented. He went through the State and spoke to great crowds of people in every county. Companies of "Red Shirts" rode with him wherever he went. The negroes, who were much afraid of their former masters, as soon as these appeared, would slip away, but they voted the Republican ticket just the same, all except our Daddy Ned. Your will pardon me, I am sure, if I tell you about him for just one minute. Daddy Ned was a "colored gentleman" of the best type. He grew up on my grandmother's plantation with my uncles; and when this crisis came, he said the ticket which suited his white people was good enough for him, and, in spite of threats against his life, he went to the polls and voted the Democratic ticket every time, and nobody dared molest him. He was very handy with a gun, Daddy Ned was, and a fine shot, and they were afraid of him. I am glad to pay this little tribute to a faithful friend and servant even at this late day.

Col. James Morgan, in his "Recollections of a Rebel Reeler," gives a fuller account of the condition of affairs in South Carolina than anyone else I know; and he says this:

"The story of the Reconstruction period in South Carolina has never been told in print, except in the files of the *News and Courier*, and now that nearly all of those who passed through that nightmare are dead, I fear that the present generation will never realize its horrors. But, believe me, South Carolina was the nearest approach to hell on earth, during the orgy of the carpetbaggers and negroes, that ever a refined people was subjected to.

"An imported negro sat on the Supreme Bench, his colleagues being carpetbaggers. A native-born South Carolinian who associated himself with these people was called a scalawag—Governor Moses was one of them. He fought bravely through the war for the South, married a woman of a respectable family, and then joined these creatures in robbing his native State. When he was governor the helpless whites were compelled to submit to outrages by the presence of United States troops, who were there to see that we did not run amuck among the carpetbaggers and scalawags. While these thieves lived in luxury, their lives must have been mentally very uncomfortable, for they well knew that if the

troops should be removed for a moment their lives would pay the penalty of their outrages. But the swag was so rich that not even fear for their lives could induce them to let go, even after they had accumulated riches beyond their most extravagant dreams. Their only safeguard was the soldiers, the regular officers having such contempt for them that they would hold no social intercourse with them, and the privates hated the negroes with a bitter hatred, and took no pains to disguise their feelings.

"White carpetbaggers seemed to have so much money that they did not know what to do with it. I have seen one of them walk into a drinking saloon by himself, and ostentatiously order a quart bottle of champagne, take one glass of it, and carelessly throw a ten-dollar bill on the counter and tell the barkeeper to keep the change; and this in a community where people, bred in affluence, were suffering for the very necessities of life.

"The salary of the comptroller was eighteen hundred dollars a year. Dr. Nagle, who held the office, had arrived in Columbia literally in rags. In the first year of his incumbency—out of his salary, of course—he bought a fine house and a carriage and horses, with gold-mounted harness among other things, and, incidentally, built a bridge across the Congaree River that must have cost thousands of dollars."

The authorities in Washington were asked, of course, to lend their aid against Hampton and his party, but they quickly realized that the people of the State were absolutely determined not to submit any longer to the rule of the carpetbaggers and negroes. As one of the South Carolinians expressed it, the people were grimly certain that the persecutors should go; in carriages if they would, or in hearses if they must. The Federal authorities, therefore, began to see that to enforce their rule would only mean the death of many an innocent negro, so Hampton was allowed to be inaugurated governor without interference.

From that time on the white people of the State have managed the affairs of the commonwealth to suit themselves, and thus, quite literally, Hampton, being the right man in the right place, became the leader of his people.

TWO CENTURIES OF NEGRO SLAVERY.

FROM THE KANSAS CITY TIMES.

One hundred years ago New York abolished slavery within its borders. The history of slavery there before that is forgotten now, but it existed for two hundred years. The Dutch started it by importing negroes early in their colonization of New Netherlands. Negroes helped build the forts of New Amsterdam under the stern directions of one-legged Peter Stuyvesant. They fought in the Revolution for the "rights of man," but remained slaves even in the North until fifty years after the Declaration of Independence.

From earliest colonial days New York has had a large negro population, fully one-seventh of the settlers being negro bondsmen, says J. Charles Lauc in the *New York Times*. To-day it outnumbers the entire population of Memphis, Tenn. Harlem is regarded as the intellectual capital of the race, negroes come from all over the world as free men to seek their fortunes. Millionaires and paupers, merchants and dock laborers, all strata of American life, are found in New York, the largest negro city in the world.

The century has marked the rise of a whole people, taken as captives from tropical forests, into the urban civilization of a far-distant continent; an advance from servitude to the status of free citizenship.

New York just missed being the great slave market of America, in spite of its early and continuous agitation for abolition. It had more slaves than any other Northern colony. Many an auction of negroes brought by way of Curaçao and the Barbados, as well as direct from Africa, was held in the old Meal and Slave Mart at the foot of Wall Street. The site is still pointed out to tourists.

Early New York was familiar with the horrors of the barracoon, or slave pen, and the auction block a full century before Harriet Beecher Stowe moved the country with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Many of New York's most prominent citizens were large slaveholders. At the same time New York, like Boston and Philadelphia, was a hotbed of anti-slavery sentiment.

The names of two governors were prominent in the movement, Daniel D. Tompkins and De Witt Clinton. In 1799 the State provided for the freedom of those born in slavery thereafter—though such freedom was not to be accorded until the ages of 28 and 25, respectively, were attained by men and women. Almost the last act of Governor Tompkins had the effect of finally slashing the bonds of slavery. On January 27, 1817, he sent a special message to the legislature recommending the entire abolition of domestic slavery in New York, to take effect on July 4, 1827.

The recommendation was approved and a statute enacted so that the institution no longer had legal existence in the State, although slave trading and fugitive slave hunting kept the people in constant turmoil over the fundamental issue between free labor and slave labor.

The law sponsored by Governor Tompkins was not put into effect until the administration of his rival, De Witt Clinton. The liberating clause in the final decree against slavery, as signed by Governor Clinton, read:

"And be it further enacted that every negro, mulatto, or mustee, within the State, born before July 4, 1799, shall from and after the 4th day of July, 1827, be free."

This act freed the older slaves as the earlier one had liberated the younger. All negro folk were included. The group of "mustee" mentioned in the law was of Spanish and negro extraction, the word being a Yankee corruption of "mestizo."

After the abolition of slavery, New York continued to be the center of a great slave traffic. Opposition to giving up the slaves was only shattered finally by the civil war.

"Blackbirding," or the kidnaping of negroes for slaves, was a major branch of commerce in spite of the solemn convention between the United States and Great Britain in 1808 to end the African slave traffic. While the slaver who captured negroes thus became an outlaw, the slave trader and breeder who sold them in this country—breaking up families, parting husbands and wives and parceling out children—were unblushingly active.

New York in 1858 was described by the *London Times* as "the greatest slave-trading mart in the world." The figures seem to bear it out. The *New York Evening Post* listed eighty-five ships fitted out from New York from February, 1859, to July, 1860, for the slave trade. The *New York Leader* asserted that "an average of two vessels each week clear out of our harbor bound for Africa and a human cargo." It was estimated that New York took 60,000 negroes from Africa to Cuba in a single year.

The Dutch introduced slavery into the colonies. In 1621, all the Dutch private companies trading with Africa and America were merged into the celebrated West India Company, which fitted out men-of-war against Spain. It imported into Brazil in the four years ending 1623 no less than 15,450 blacks to work its sugar plantations. Between 1623

and 1636, the Dutch captured from the Spaniard 2,356 negroes. In 1641 they reduced Sao Paulo de Loanda in Africa. With this source on the one side and Brazil and Curaçao on the other, they obtained complete control of the slave market.

In 1625 to 1626, six or seven years after the Dutch had discharged a small initial cargo of slaves in Virginia, the first negroes were brought to Manhattan. Among them were Paul d'Argola, Simon Congo, Anthony Portuguese, John Francesco and seven others. Soon thereafter the West India Company publicly promised "to use their endeavors to supply the colonists with as many blacks as they conveniently can."

The empire-dreaming West India Company planned to raise food crops with slave labor in the New World, these to be exchanged for sugar, oil, and tropical products raised by other slaves in Brazil. Opposition from indentured white laborers, climatic rigors, and the defeat of the Netherlands on the seas shattered this dream.

The log of the slave ship St. John gives some insight into the horrors of the traffic. One hundred and ninety-five negroes were crammed into the hold of the vessel. Bad food, short rations, want of water, foul air, and dysentery were among the afflictions, and as a consequence fifty-six slaves died on the journey.

Slaves helped build New York. The town was merely a trading post when the first cargo arrived. To the chagrin of the Dutch West India Company, the settlers would buy very few slaves, and even the company's grant of great patroonship estates failed to promote a plantation régime. The bulk of the slaves left on the company's hands were employed in erecting forts and tilling the land.

In 1644, the company changed the status of these negro laborers from slavery to tribute paying. It gave eleven of them their freedom on condition that each pay the company every year twenty-one bushels of grain and a hog. At the same time their children were to be the company's slaves. It was proposed by Governor Stuyvesant that negroes be armed with tomahawks and sent in punitive expeditions against the Indians; but nothing came of that.

Dutch farmers on Long Island and in Westchester bought slaves readily, and the village of Gravesend petitioned in 1651 that the slave supply might be increased. One parcel arriving in 1664, described by Stuyvesant as old and inferior, was sold at prices ranging from 255 to 615 florins—about \$100 to \$250, depending on the vigor of the slave. A great cargo of 300 slaves reached port only to be captured by the British. Change of flag, however, made no change in the status of the slave.

Private manumission of slaves was frequent. The negroes' participation in the Revolution aided the movement for voluntary liberation. One of the first heroes of the revolution was a slave, Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, one of the four victims of the Boston massacre. He was buried with the other three by a procession of Boston citizens starting at Faneuil hall. The four bodies were placed in one grave, which bore this inscription:

LONG AS IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE THE WISE CONTEND,
DEAR TO YOUR COUNTRY SHALL YOUR FAME EXTEND;
WHICH TO THE WORLD THE LETTERED STONE SHALL TELL
WHERE CALDWELL, ATTUCKS, GRAY, AND MAVERICK FELL.

But, although Attucks was slain as he led a band of patriots to twit the British soldiery and was thus honored, and

though many other negroes fought in the American armies in the Revolution, the abolition of slavery was not intended by the framers of the Bill of Rights. Jefferson's plea against slavery was stricken from the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, opposed by plantation owners and slave traffickers. However, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, all slaveholders, felt deeply concerned, and in the North leading statesmen actively championed the freeing of the slaves.

Vermont took the lead. Delegates to her convention of 1777 which claimed statehood "framed a constitution with a bill" of rights prohibiting slavery. The opposition of New York on the slavery issue delayed Vermont's recognition as a State until 1791. Meanwhile, abolition was growing. Massachusetts, then Maine and Pennsylvania put an end to slavery, followed by New Hampshire.

SABINE PASS AND THE FORTY-TWO

(Contributed by John E. Gaskell, Past Commander, 4th Texas Brigade, U. C. V.)

'Tis a stirring tale, and a true one too,
Of the fort at Sabine Pass and the band of forty-two;
Just forty-two men to defend the fort there on the Texas shore,
Where the stream from the lake at Sabine flows, to join forevermore
The mighty Gulf of Mexico. This little fort, with this little host
Of men who wore the gray, was all that was left to guard the coast,
In the days of sixty-three,
From the enemy's ships that came by sea,
To conquer and invade. But, O! they were brave and stout of heart—
This was their lot; to do their part;
This but their one desire! And now, behold!
At last one day, all majestic and pompous and bold,
There rode on the waves, sweeping proudly along,
A fleet of ships, twenty-five strong—
Nineteen gunboats, steamships three, and dreaded sloops of war—
This was what the little fort faced; this the enemy they saw,
This little band of forty-two men, as they strained their eyes to gaze,
Out to the horizon, through the haze,
On that eventful day! The news soon spread.
Within the fort powder was scarce, and even the bread
Was gone. But loving hearts soon heard the call.
And Kate Doran, faithful soul, herself cooked food and fed them all—
Aye, she did more—with trembling hand,
She wrote these words to that little band:
"Fight like the devil—and not like men!"—and O! the thrill
That touched that group when they heard these words! How their hearts stood still!
Then brave Dick Dowling, in command
(There were forty-one beside him, in that band)
Spoke: "What say you, men? Shall we fight and die,
Or blow up the fort, while there's time to fly?"
Quick came the answer from the forty-one—
Was their's a cause to shun, or they the men to run?
Nay! With a tightening of the jaw, and a glitter of the eye,
They lustily gave the brave reply:
"We'll stay—we'll fight," and Dowling answered, and proudly, too,

"So say I; we'll see it through.

Now we must keep well within the fort, nor must we make a sound,

Nor fire at them a single round,

Until I give the word. Close let them come. Aim well.

Remember, men, our ammunition's low, and every shot must tell."

(Of cannon they had only six, and they were old and small,

And meager was their powder and their shot and ball.)

Now down upon them bore the ships— and what a sight to see!

All well equipped and fully manned for every emergency.

Fifteen hundred men had they; these were men to land,

Besides their sailors, officers, and others to command.

And now the ships began to fire upon the little fort. And how their guns did roar,

As the shells burst forth, to crash and shriek and soar!

It seemed the very earth about was rent and torn in twain,

And over there, across the plain,

With straining, tear-dimmed eyes,

Brave Kate Doran watched, beneath those Texas skies,

This tragic drama played,

While by her side, with hands upraised, sweet Sarah Varburg prayed.

All through the tumult she stood there,

Her arms stretched forth in prayer,

As over and over again, she cried: "O God, be with us now!

Give to our boys thy strength this day, and, dear Lord, show them how

To send these invaders away, we pray. O guide their every shot—

We beseech thee, hear our cry, O Lord, and here upon this spot,

Grant us a miracle; hear our plea;

And we will give forever, Lord, the glory all to thee!"

Abroad the ships, there was surprise, and some amusement, too,

That no reply came from the fort; it seemed a holiday. They little knew

That crouching there, with nerves on fire and every muscle strained,

The noble forty-two kept vigil grim, with every shell that rained!

Closer drew the vessels now; the flagship Clifton led;

And on her deck was the commodore, the commander, and the head

Of all the fleet. On they came, yet closer still,

And now, at last, within the fort, there came the thrill

Of Dowling's magic word to fire, and to the guns, with eager spring,

Each man applied himself. And how those shots did leap and sing!

And O! the havoc they did bring, the destruction that they wrought,

As every shot went true and straight to find the mark it sought.

Ne'er were such marksmen—no guns e'er spoke,

Like those six little cannon, through that fire and smoke!

On board the ships, pandemonium reigned—

Panic seized them, with terror unfeigned!

The proud ship Clifton, in distress,

Soon ran up the white flag; surrendered—with eagerness;

And the commodore offered his sword—to the forty-two!

The ship Sachem was badly crippled too,

And soon was captured, and later proudly bore

The flag of her conquerers there on the shore:
The gunboat Arizona tried to flee,
Badly wounded, but to sink later to eternity
With two hundred and fifty souls, all lost.¹ Of prisoners alive,
Four hundred and seventy-two were left to survive—
All guarded and held by that little band
Of forty-two men on that Texas land!
The other ships hastened to scamper away,
Not pausing to fight, in their fright and dismay.
And mark this well: Of all that daring forty-two,
Not a man was scratched, when they got through!

So this is the story, and as I said before, 'tis a true one, too,
Of that little fort at Sabine Pass, and the dauntless forty-two.

And I often wonder,
As I sit and ponder,
Was it Sarah Varburg's prayers that won,
Or the brave heart of each man behind his gun,
Or the cause they fought for? Who can say
Whence came all the glory of that great day?
—John Acee.

THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS—A VIEW FROM BOTH SIDES.

FROM THE BEAUMONT (TEX.) JOURNAL 1926.

A tall, white lighthouse looking out across the blue waters of Sabine Pass is one of the few landmarks remaining that were a part of the landscape there sixty-three years ago, when the Federal armada of twenty-one ships steamed into the pass to capture the city defended by Lieut. Dick Dowling and his "forty Irishmen."

Barely discernible are the lines of old Fort Griffin, on the opposite shore from the lighthouse and nearly a mile up the pass, where Dowling and his immortal band manned their six guns and repulsed the invading hosts. Knolls and hollows mark the earthen breastworks of the old fort. Clumps of salt cedars, knotted and gnarled into an almost impenetrable thicket, with here and there an oleander bush pushing a flaming mass of flowers against the green, and a fig tree or two bearing a little fruit, struggle above the rank marsh grasses and weeds covering the uneven ground.

The long oyster reef that in 1863 divided the pass into two channels, is still offshore from the point that was the site of Fort Griffin. On each side of this reef, through Louisiana Channel on the east and through Texas Channel on the west, over against the Louisiana and Texas shores, the gunboats of the Federals moved in battle formation against the city of Sabine Pass. Parts of this reef are seen above the water at low tide, and waves rolled up the pass before the sea breeze show its lurking presence as they break into whitecaps on the shallows.

Changing with the passing years are the stories of the famous battle of Sabine Pass. What actually happened on the afternoon of September 8, 1863, has lost none of the color in the retelling from generation to generation, though sixty-three years elapsed since the engagement was fought at Sabine Pass. But now out of the legends and the varied accounts of the battle come the official reports of Dick Dowling and other Confederate leaders, together with those made by the Federals who were on the scene. From a volume of these records compiled by experts in the United States Navy Bureau of Records are taken the versions given by participants in the battle of Sabine Pass.

"The fight lasted from the time I fired the first gun until the boats surrendered," Dick Dowling writes in his report, adding, "that was about forty-five minutes."

Still in the lilting, Irish vein, Dowling cites to his commanding officer the signal services of Assistant Surgeon George H. Bailey, "who, having nothing to do in his own line, nobly pulled off his coat and assisted in administering Magruder Pills to the enemy," calling the shot and shell from his fort after Maj. Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder, commanding the Confederate district of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, with headquarters in Beaumont, and facetiously applying the medical term to bear out his quip as he reports a surgeon turned gunman.

The outcome of the battle that left two prized Federal gunboats, the Clifton and the Sachem, in the hands of "the Rebels," sent two other warships fleeing precipitately for the open Gulf and abandoning upwards of four thousand soldiers on the transports to get out as best they could brought for Dowling and his forty-four Irishmen of the Davis Guards a resolution of praise and thanks from the Confederate States Congress, and drew upon Commodore H. H. Bell commanding the Federal West Gulf blockading squadron official disapproval from Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy in President Lincoln's Cabinet.

The series of bad breaks ending in the "complete failure of the expedition against Sabine Pass" started when the gunboats arrived off the pass on Sunday afternoon, September 6, 1863. The blockading gunboat Owasco, Lieutenant Commander John Madigan commanding, was withdrawn without leave to Galveston for oil and coal. He left the Sabine Pass blockading station at 10:30 o'clock on the morning of September 6, a few hours before the gunboat Granite City, leading the fleet to Sabine Pass, arrived. Thinking they had missed their rendezvous when no blockading ship was sighted, the commanders of the Clifton, Arizona, Sachem, and Granite City, with the transports, sailed back over their course to the eastward. The mistake was discovered as Calcasieu Pass was sighted, and the prows of the warships and such transports as had arrived from Southwest Pass, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, turned westward again toward Sabine Pass, thirty miles away.

Under orders given by Commodore Bell, the fleet was to assemble offshore, at night, and surprise the Confederate forces in Sabine Pass with an attack at dawn. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Frederick Crocker, captain of the Clifton, was commanding officer of the naval expedition. He was coöperating with Maj. Gen. W. B. Franklin and Maj. Gen. G. Weitzel, commanding First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, who were in charge of the troops, artillery, and army supplies on the transports.

But the best laid plans of the commodore and the generals were thrown out of kilter because a blockading ship was "A. W. O. L." from her station off Sabine Pass. Sunday night was lost looking for Sabine Pass entrance, and Monday went by with the gunboats cruising off shore collecting the transports bearing up from Southwest Pass. Thus for twenty-eight hours practically the entire Federal fleet assembled off the pass was in full view of the Confederates. Dick Dowling's report states that at 2 A.M. on the day of the battle he saw the ships signalling outside, and manned his guns, expecting an attempt would be made to enter the pass. This signalling was in preparation for the reorganized plan of attack after the original project fell through. When dawn came on September 8, the day of the battle, not the entire fleet, but the Clifton only steamed into the pass to reconnoiter.

Captain Crocker hove to with the Clifton opposite the lighthouse when she came inside about 6:30 A.M. on the battle day. From that position he fired twenty-six shots at Fort Griffin, approximately a mile away. Two of these shots hit the rampart of the fort, while the others went over their mark, "all, however, in excellent range," drolly commented the intrepid Dick in his report of the affair.

Dowling allowed to pass unnoticed the early morning compliments paid his fort and his forty-four Irishmen by the leading Federal battleship. The stars and bars of the Confederate flag floated over the ramparts unscathed by the Clifton's shells and shot.

The early morning bombardment of the Clifton was heard in Beaumont, and Col. Leon Smith, commanding Marine Department of Texas, "took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine, from which direction I could distinctly hear heavy firing." He arrived about three o'clock that afternoon, in time to be in the fort before the battle was over.

After an hour of futile firing at the fort without getting a sign of any rebels in the vicinity, Captain Crocker swung the Clifton around and went out to Sabine bar, where the fleet of gunboats and transports awaited word from Sabine Pass. Decision having been made to strike that afternoon, final details for the attack were lined up by the naval and army commanders, and the fleet moved to an anchorage below the lighthouse. The plan was for the Clifton to go in first, taking the port, or Texas, channel on the western side of the oyster reef dividing the pass. The Sachem was to go along the Louisiana shore with the Arizona following, and engage the guns of the fort, while the Granite City, following the Clifton up Texas channel, was to protect the landing of troops and artillery from the transports at "Old Battery Point," some thousand yards below Fort Griffin, near where the Union Sulphur Company's terminals are now located.

After the Clifton withdrew from her reconnoitering and shelling trip and had gotten the other warships and transports over the bar, all was quiet until eleven o'clock. Cap. F. H. Odum, commanding the post at Sabine Pass, at that hour, ordered the Confederate gunboat Uncle Ben to steam down near the fort for the purpose of making a feint and showing the enemy all was right.

"They honored us with three shots, which all passed over and clear of us, after which all remained quiet until three P.M., when eight of the enemy's boats commenced moving up the Pass," Captain Odum's report stated.

Dowling, in his report, sets forth that it was the Federal gunboat Sachem which fired at the Uncle Ben, opening up on her with a thirty-pounder Parrott gun, firing three shots.

Shrouded in secrecy was the entire expedition to Sabine Pass. Guardedly Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut, of Mobile Bay fame, refers to it in a communication as early as July 30, 1863. "Captain Crocker has a little project on hand for the Sachem which I think well of, and will inform Commodore Bell of it and let him say when they can go down there," the rear admiral wrote from his flagship, the Tennessee, to the senior officer in Berwick Bay.

Admiral Farragut shortly afterwards left for New York on a leave of absence, and further plans for the Sabine Pass battle were handled by Commodore H. H. Bell, who assumed command of the West Gulf Blockading Squadron during the admiral's absence.

The Federal ships weighed anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon on September 8, and moved up the pass in battle array. Seven transports followed the warships, with the transport General Banks, carrying Maj. Gen. Weitzel and

five hundred soldiers, directly astern of the Granite City. Before this formidable aggregation Dick Dowling held his Irish gunners in check. The fort was without a man, for all the Federals could see. No shot had replied to the shells sent over by the Clifton early that morning. Except for the screaming sea gulls circling the ships, the chugging of the engines, and the swish of the waves, the quiet of the sultry September mid-afternoon was unbroken.

The Sachem was about twelve hundred yards away, almost abreast of the fort, when boomed the terrific blast of Dowling's guns, fired broadside on the advancing fleet. An answering explosion on the Sachem and clouds of steam enveloping her gave evidence of the deadly aim of Fort Griffin's gunners. A shot had gone through the Sachem's steam drum. Her panic-stricken crew, many scalded in the live steam, jumped overboard. Some of them managed to swim to the Arizona near by. Others, how many will never be known, drowned. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant A. Johnson, commanding the Sachem, stuck to his post and was taken prisoner. His ship grounded on the reef, hopelessly damaged and the crew killed, wounded or panic stricken, the skipper of the Sachem signaled the Arizona to come up and tow the vessel off and out into deep water. The Arizona, however, was not without troubles of her own. Of too deep draft for the shallow waters of Sabine Pass, she had grounded several times as she followed the Sachem into Louisiana Channel, and even while the stricken vessel called for aid, the Arizona was in the mud and the ebbing tide swung her bows across the channel. Finally, Lieutenant Johnson ran up the white flag on the Sachem.

Almost simultaneously with the blowing up of the Sachem, the Clifton was put out of control and grounded when a shot from the fort severed her rudder rope. The tide swung her in such a position that she lay in direct range between the gunboats Granite City and Arizona, and the fort, making it impossible for gunners aboard those vessels to continue firing. Thus under the direct fire of Dowling's guns, almost in the shadow of the fort, the Clifton bore the brunt of the battle. Even in this position, and with part of her guns on the off side, with her crew abandoning their posts to save their lives, the Clifton fired the three guns remaining in action for over half an hour, until a shot passed through her boilers and machinery, completely disabling her.

PLANTATION LIFE BEFORE THE WAR.

[Reminiscences of Mrs. Laura Cook Wardlaw, as told to Miss Mary Macy Ratliff, of Raymond, Miss., her niece, and arranged by her for publication some years ago.]

I was a little girl twelve years old when "The War" began. No matter how many other wars the world may see, it will always be "The War" to me, for it was a terrible experience for anyone, but especially so for an imaginative child, and it changed all the prospects of my life.

I had always lived on a plantation belonging to my father, Col. McKinney L. Cook, about a mile from Edwards Depot, as it was then called, in Hinds County, Miss. The home place—for we had one south of us called Sligo, another near Baird, on the Mississippi River, and another near Bayou Mason in Louisiana—was situated on a high bluff overlooking Big Black River, which ran in front of the house. This bluff was a beautiful place to all of us young people. My father would never allow a tree or vine cut from it, so it was just as nature fashioned it. We gathered lovely flowers growing there in profusion, wild calacanthus, woodbine, or coral honeysuckle, yellow jasmine, violets, ferns, holly, and

white and red haw. In their season, we gathered chinquepins, hickory nuts, walnuts, muscadines, grapes, wild plums, and spring plums. It was a great place for the young ladies to walk with the young men who came to see them. Two of my sisters' husbands chose this place to ask the important question and receive the answers which made them happy.

The plantation was called Moss Side by my sister Lydia, who was a young lady enjoying the care-free life of a popular young lady of the time. I think she called it that because of the long gray moss that hung on the trees on the bluff and in the valley that lay between the house and the river. The yard was large and had beautiful shade trees, under which I loved to play with my two brothers, Tom, who was two and a half years older, and Willie, who was two years younger than I. I loved to decorate the house with the lilacs, crêpe jessamines, crêpe myrtles, roses, and altheas, which grew in the yard and garden.

The house was a typical country house of the time, with wide galleries and halls, built for comfort, especially during the long, hot summers. It was two stories high, with tall pillars on the front gallery, and a cross hall in the back connecting it with the old house, which has since been torn down. The new part is now used as a residence for the white teachers and President of Mount Beulah College for Negroes.

In the front hall there was a staircase with railing and banisters of solid walnut from our own black walnut trees. Besides those in the swamp, where this came from, my father had a line of them nearly two miles long. I have read that a black walnut log, nine feet long and six inches square, was

worth \$52, and I wished I had those I remembered so well as a child.

From the west windows upstairs we could see a good part of the place that was under cultivation. It was a level field, containing about twelve hundred acres, extending down the road toward Smith Station. This was often an advantage during the war, as we could see the Yankees coming some time before they reached the house, and we could hurry and eat a meal before they got there to take it away from us.

Our parlor was on that side, down stairs, and it, as well as the rest of the house, was finished in white plaster, and so well was it done that even the frescoes were still intact the last time I was there, several years ago. About sixty-two years it had stood; for that part of the house was built in 1853 or 1854.

Instead of building, my father wanted to sell, as he had a good offer for the place, and move to Texas. He believed that war was coming, and as he was an old-time Whig, he was not in sympathy with the secession spirit, though when his State seceded he was loyal to it and did all he could to help the Confederacy. My mother was not willing to go to Texas, because it was so rough and wild out there. She had left her home in Wilson, La., which was settled earlier, and had come with my father to Hinds County when it was first opened up and called the New Purchase, so she dreaded to go to another new country.

But I started to tell about the furnishings of the parlor. My mother bought the rosewood furniture, which I now have, in New Orleans, paying \$500 for it. It was imported from France, and is the same style as the furniture that Greenwood

LeFlore bought from Malmaison, Napoleon's home, though the massive carvings are not overlaid with gold, as that is. The French government, I have been told, has tried to buy this furniture from LeFlore's descendants, offering large sums of money for it, but they value it so highly they will not sell. Money could not buy mine because of the sweet memories of those early days before I knew the meaning so well of sorrow. Ours was upholstered in rose-colored satin damask. The set originally had two sofas, two large arm chairs, and eight small chairs, but a Yankee officer took a large chair and three small ones



THE WINNIE DAVIS ROOM IN BEAUVOIR MANSION, AS RECENTLY RESTORED. A PORTRAIT OF "THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY" HANGS ABOVE THE MANTEL. (See VETERAN for November.)

to his camp. My mother went to see him and asked if he would not give them back to her, but he said: "*I certainly will not, madam.*" She then asked him if he would not give them back when he had to move, knowing he could not take them with him, and he said perhaps he would; but he did not.

On the floor was a beautiful Axminster carpet, costing \$90 and at the windows were embroidered net lace curtains that cost \$29, a piece, in New Orleans, where we did most of our shopping. About the year 1853, my father had taken Sister Mary to New Orleans and bought her a rosewood piano, and, although she was married before I was seven years old, she left the piano in the parlor for Sister Lydia and me to use. Russell Cook has the long French mirror in its gilt frame and the marble-topped stand that it rested on. Mother had such a pretty ornament in front of the mirror—a pink stand, in which was a white magnolia that could be taken out and flowers put in the stand. It was stolen during the war, I suppose at the same time that the Yankee soldier broke the large hand-painted vases that were on the mantel. Just as he was about to break them, my little maid said to him: "O! Mister, don't break them pretty things! Give them to me." He chipped a piece off of each one with his sword and gave them to her, and after he left she gave them to me. I have them now to remember her faithfulness . . . On the mantel also was a white Parian marble clock, beautiful in every line and of exquisite material. I still have that, too, to remind me of those happy hours when, a little girl, I would sit by my mother in her beautiful parlor and listen to the talk of the ladies who came to spend the day, or watch them do their exquisite needlework and fine embroidery. We still have some done by my half-sister, Lavinia, whom I adored as only a baby sister can love the oldest sister who makes a pet of her from her babyhood. Sister Lavinia lived in Louisiana, and when we went to see her we had to go on horseback and carry our clothes in saddlebags, if it was winter time; but in the summer, when the roads were good, we went in mother's big carriage, with either Uncle Willis or Uncle Cæsar to drive us. The carriage had soft cushions upholstered in woolen damask, and had glass windows above the doors that could be closed when it was cold or it rained. I loved to look through them and see the flowers and birds in the woods as we were passing. When we were going to church or to a dining, or picnic, or to spend the day, the gentlemen nearly always rode horseback, and if it were not too dusty, they would often ride near and talk to the ladies in the carriage. This was the custom even when young men were escorting young ladies to a party. The chaperone and girls rode in the carriage and the young men on horseback usually, though not always.

We had a large garden of three or four acres, and we raised quantities of vegetables for our own table and for all of the negroes. We had strawberries, raspberries, and, in the orchard peaches, plums, grapes, figs, pears, and apples. Watermelons were grown in such quantities that they would be carried to the field for the hands by the wagonload every day during the season. Mother used to raise every year between five hundred and eight hundred chickens and seventy or eighty turkeys, one hundred or more geese, and numbers of ducks.

Sometimes ladies and gentlemen would go horseback and drive partridges into nets spread for them. They also made turkey traps for wild turkeys in this way: A pen would be built and covered with brush, with an opening on the ground dug out under a broad plank which went all around the trap inside. Corn was spread some distance along in front of it and the flock would be so busy following the trail of corn they would be in the pen before they realized it; then they would be

so frightened they would keep running around the trap with their heads up, looking for a place to get out, and never see the opening at the bottom.

The gentlemen had deer clubs, and I have often seen a servant who had been with them ride up with a big fat deer on his horse. Mother would dry some of it, and it was fine when broiled with rich butter. There was a great deal of wild game in the country then, but we were glad that the bears had gone farther into the uninhabited country. We could see the marks of their claws on some of the beech trees.

We had a great many cattle, and usually killed one hundred or more fat hogs, but also had to buy barrels of pickled pork for the hands. Once a train, running just back of the house, ran over one of the cows and was thrown off of the track, about eleven o'clock in the day. My father came to the house and told mother about it, and she said: "Tell everybody to come to the house and get dinner, trainmen and all." A lady who was in the party said there were sixty in all, and that there was plenty for everybody, and one of the most bountiful and best-cooked dinners she ever ate. My father never thought of expecting pay from the railroad, as people would now, for the cow, but later they sent mother a set of solid silver tablespoons. Some Yankee took them off during the war, and I suppose some of his children are using them now.

When ladies came to spend the day, as they often did, they came about ten o'clock and stayed to early tea. All the ladies took great pride in having an elaborate dinner and something very dainty for tea. At an everyday dinner, my mother usually had three kinds of meat and five or six vegetables, besides sweet things, such as dried fruits, cakes, pies and custards. Everybody had quantities of dried fruit, pickles, and preserves. My mother always cooked her preserves a little (brought them to a boil each day for three days) and they never spoiled even when kept in the big, broad-mounted jars with only a cloth tied over the tops. We did not have glass-sealed jars as we do now. They were put in the sun during the day, which kept them in good shape by toughening them and also partially cooked them; so they did not have to be cooked much each day. They were clear and beautiful, and so good! Sister Elvy, who was married and lived near us, used to take many prizes at the State Fair by her exhibits of pickles, preserves, and jellies. We all loved to go to the annual State Fair to meet our friends and see what each one had on exhibition.

We usually milked thirty cows, for mother sold all of her surplus butter in Vicksburg at a good price. Mammie and Delia did the milking.

There were sixty-seven darkies on this place. We still have a tax receipt showing that my father paid taxes on that many in the year 1857. With the exception of the house servants, the darkies lived in the "Quarters," a row of cabins about a quarter of a mile back of the house. Each cabin had a little garden, where they could raise anything they wanted to. In the lower part of our yard to the east, there was a house built for a hospital for the darkies. It had two rooms, a large one for the patients, and a smaller one for a cook room.

Aunt Viney kept the little negroes in cold or rainy weather in a house built for the purpose, and the bigger children looked after them under her supervision. When it was pleasant, they took them to the fields and kept them under the big oaks that were left in the fields for that purpose. The mothers would come here every two or three hours and nurse the babies. Cool water was brought to the field every few hours in a cart for the "hands." Aunt Viney was the wife of Uncle Abel, the fisherman, and had a position of much re-

sponsibility and more authority with the children, which she enjoyed. Uncle Abel had a gig and would gig turtles to be used at the "big house" for turtle soup. He also caught fish from the river, both with his hooks and trap. He also had a boat to aid him in his work. Whenever cypress shingles or logs had to be gotten out of the cypress brake, which was down by the river, Uncle Abel was sent as head man over the other darkies. Some cypress shingles that he got out and my brother-in-law put on a smokehouse in 1859 are still on the house.

Mammy, whose name was Ginny, was Daddy's wife. His name was Toney. She was a little black Guinea negro, very quick and active, a splendid servant, but very high strung, and, when once thoroughly aroused, a perfect terror. She was devoted to us all, but especially to my mother, and proved her loyalty many times during the trying years of the war. She stayed with us to the end, and it was sometimes due to her that we did not have the very bread taken from us by Yankee soldiers. She once fought one for a ham she was cooking. Daddy was the butcher, and when he came to die he said all the hogs and beeves he had killed troubled him. Sister Mary said: "But, Daddy, that was your work and you had to do it." "Yes, but Little Miss, I took pleasure in it," he said. She told him if he was sorry about it and would ask God to forgive him, he would do so, and he seemed satisfied. He was one of the servants who said he was converted through the Bible readings and talks Sister Mary used to give them every Sunday afternoon when she was a young lady.

My father and some neighbors paid a white minister to preach to their darkies at the little schoolhouse once a month. Then, too, many of the churches had galleries in them for the negroes to sit in if they cared to do so. They could have their membership in the white Churches, and the communion was passed to them just as to the other members. Some preferred to go to the schoolhouse, where they could be freer to express their emotions.

Uncle Willis was the blacksmith, as well as one of the gardeners, and sometimes drove the carriage. He superintended the young negroes in working the garden. Sallie was the washer and ironer, and Minerva was seamstress. Delia, Liza, and Millie worked around the house, and Harvey was the yard man. My father used to say he could make fifty bales of cotton with "the trash gang," as he called all of those who did not work in the field under the overseer. Mr. Dick Hume was overseer when the war came on and till the second year after it begun, when he enlisted. Rena was head cook under Mammy. Until about the year 1845, all the cooking was done on the fireplace and in brick or iron ovens. Potatoes baked in an oven are far superior to those cooked any other way. We had big cranes in the fire place for the pots, and skillets with iron tops so they could have fire under them and over them; waffle irons, with long handles, to be put over glowing coals, and when done on one side, turn on the other. Father bought one of the first cooking stoves ever brought to this country. On rainy days, the women would come to a room used for the purpose and mother would cut out their clothes and the seamstress would show them how to make them. We also had one of the first sewing machines. It was a Singer.

Rations were issued by the overseer once a week. At dinnertime, the women were dismissed from the field earlier than the men in order to cook their dinners. In the morning they cooked while the men were getting their teams ready.

When a darky was sick, he was put in the hospital and received the best of attention. My mother often sat up all night to direct Aunt Viney when one was very sick. She had

so much practice in this way that she learned a great deal about medicine, and was very successful with her patients. In one epidemic she had thirty cases and lost only one, a baby six weeks old. A neighbor lost eight darkies one night. All of the doctors in the vicinity lost a great many patients at this time. She usually doctored her darkies herself at this time, though she sometimes called in a physician.

At one time, a neighbor sent for mother and asked her to do something for her small child, who had scarlet fever. She had just lost two children with it and believed this one was going to die. Mother said: "But you have the doctor treating her." "Well, he hasn't done her any good, and I believe that she is going to die just like the others unless you will treat her as you did your children," was the response. Mother treated the child all night and by morning the crisis had passed, and she was much better.

THE COAT OF GRAY.

BY LOUISE MANNING CROSLAND.

I once unpacked a valued chest
Where sacred treasures lay,
And there I found a soldier's coat
Of old Confederate gray!
With reverence I lifted it,
Examined ev'ry fold;
And then I thought, if it could speak,
Just what there might be told!

The gray, once stainless, new, and bright,
Was tattered now, and torn;
And there were marks of shot and shell
Its wearer, too, had borne.
Then while I gazed, it seemed I caught
A whiff, so gentle, light,
Of smoke that rose from camp-fire glow
When tales were told at night!

The gilded buttons, chevrons, too,
That graced this coat of gray,
Worn by a Southern soldier lad
Through many a bloody fray,
Were tarnished now by battle smoke
And dulled by passing age;
But to our country's history
They gave a valued page!

Within this sacred garment soon
I found a hidden part!
'Twas just a pocket, small, secure,
Sewed o'er the wearer's heart!
Then from this sanctuary's depths
A secret soon lay bare:
There slept a tiny Testament,
A mother's hands placed there!

I felt I trespassed holy ground,
So then, with rev'rent hands,
I creased again the gray coat's folds
To bide well time's demands;
And there within its resting place
That article will stay,
As twilight years pass o'er the heads
Of wearers of the gray!

THE ORIGIN OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY MRS. WILLIAM LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pride in citizenship has its justification in Scripture, for St. Paul was proud of his privileges as a Roman citizen; and, through Holy Writ the cities of the past are visualized with the characteristics for which noted. Richmond has always boasted her "Seven Hills," like Rome, and taken her place in the culture of the Old South since its early beginnings. My grandmother remembered when there were only about fifteen houses in Richmond, but, as Virginia stretched westward, logically the city grew in industry and inhabitants. When my mother bought her wedding clothes, she did her shopping in Richmond, and was the guest of her kinsman, the mayor of the city, Mr. Tate, in 1826, so from that date the happenings of Richmond were well known to us, for my father, Senator William A. Moncure, of Ellerslie, boarded at the Swan Tavern and Spotiswood Hotel, where, naturally, one gleans more news than if a resident of a private home. His family lived in the country, but he and his first cousin, Mr. Conway Robinson, were participants in every public event that happened in the capital of Virginia, Mr. Robinson being the son-in-law of United State Senator Benjamin Watkins Leigh, for whom Leigh Street is named.

Early in the life of the municipality, Mr. Robinson deplored there was no Mercantile Library, and he kept this lack before the minds of the council until an appropriation was made to meet with this demand; so that, as their appointee, he journeyed to Europe and purchased (from his own purse) paintings and books which were housed in the Athenæum on Marshall Street, near Eleventh. This was in reality the beginning of the Virginia Historical Society, and in the Athenæum William Makepeace Thackeray delivered his lectures when Richmond was honored by the two visits from the famous author of "Vanity Fair," whose novels, "Henry Esmond" and "The Virginians," still retain their popularity despite the avalanche of modern literature. Thackeray lectured on Swift, Pope, Fielding, Goldsmith, and English court life under the Georges and Queen Anne, not popular subjects with the masses.

It is a truism of the ages that great talent and genius often belie an unattractive personality; yet, despite address, Thackeray became most popular in Richmond, for he was more responsive and receptive than Dickens had proved, though his writings have never swayed the public like the "Christmas Carol" and "Tale of Two Cities." Since the World War, that masterpiece of Dickens is read and screened now with all the popularity of a "best seller," for the American Expeditionary Force resurrected it, and those masterpieces of Dumas and also Scott's "Quentin Derwood," for better knowledge of the terrain of France and the cockpit of Europe, the Ardennes and Haute Marne.

While in Richmond, Thackeray was the guest of Mrs. Robert Stanard, whose home later became the Westmoreland Club. Between him and John R. Thompson, then editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* (1853), there developed the warmest friendship, and his impressions of Richmond show that the hospitality extended was duly appreciated, for here were many cultured minds with whom he could enjoy that rare communion of English criticism. Mrs. Stanard's husband had been most intimate with Edgar Allan Poe when he lived with the Scotch Allans on Fifth and Main Streets.

In describing his trip to the capital of Virginia, Thackeray wrote: "I am delighted with the comfortable, friendly, cheerful little town (Richmond seemed so to one familiar with

London), the picturesquest I have seen in America." And he adds: "I am having a good little time—pleasant people; good audiences; quiet cheerful hotel." On his subsequent visits for brief intervals, he is again loud with praise, declaring: "At Richmond, I had a pleasant little time, a very pleasant little time."

Now, these were the views expressed in correspondence, but the views which Thackeray voiced to those with whom he chatted are far more entertaining, for he spoke of the statue to Andrew Jackson in the park opposite the White House in Washington, D. C., thus: "The hero is seated on an impossible horse, with an impossible tail, in an impossible attitude." But Thackeray greatly admired Trumbull's paintings in the Rotunda of the National Capitol, the Surrender at Yorktown, and the Baptism of Pocahontas; and he was enthusiastic over the Houdon statue of Washington in the capitol in Richmond, feeling all artists should travel thither to see it before attempting to make the equestrian figures of the first President, which did not appeal to him in many cities.

It seems astonishing to us, enjoying, as we now do, the fruits of the tropics through the invention of cold storage and quick transportation, but Thackeray had never seen fresh bananas until he visited Richmond; and this delicacy he deemed a true delight. But even I can recall when tomatoes were termed "love apples" and were placed on the table as an ornament rather than a vegetable, of which we were not expected to partake. A friend of mine recently returned from Charlotte Town, Prince Edward Island, tells me that our Suffolk peanuts are there displayed in shop windows, not to be purchased, but as *an exotic*; and likewise many English people inquire if our Hanover sweet potatoes grow on trees. But, though bananas appealed to Thackeray, he disliked our fine Lynnhaven oysters, especially when served on the half shell, and declared he could not swallow them, for the sight too vividly recalled to his imagination the "ear of the high priest's servant which St. Peter cut off with his sword." My father and Cousin Conway Robinson heard him make this remark, and between them ever after it was an unending cause of mirth.

My recollection of these incidents was later enriched by many conversations in my own home, where Col. John B. Cary, Mr. Edward Y. Cannon, and Mr. George W. Anderson (father of Col. Charles J. Anderson), who used to come often on Sunday afternoons to cheer my invalid husband.

These were scholarly men, with Yale training and vast erudition. Col. Cary maintained at Hampton the finest boys' academy in Virginia in ante-bellum days; which left an impress like Rugby upon his pupils, among whom was young Gordon McCabe, than whom Virginia has never numbered a more finished scholar. He belonged to the same company in the Confederate army with my husband; and his second wife was Miss Cary, a daughter of his old teacher, to whom he wrote a beautiful sonnet entitled, "Dreaming in the Trenches" (just prior to the battle of the Crater). Col. McCabe was the student who first floated the Confederate flag above the rotunda of the University of Virginia, which Prof. Holmes and Prof. John B. Minor hastened to lower lest the University be burned for treason, as the Commonwealth had not then seceded.

Colonel McCabe always maintained a deep friendship with the poet Tennyson, whom he later visited in England; and when Thackeray was found dead in his bed on Christmas Eve—though the War between the States was at its most perilous crisis in old Virginia, yet McCabe was such a scholar first (and soldier afterwards) that he snatched time sufficient



VIRGINIA HOUSE, HOME OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, RICHMOND, VA.

to write a review of the great English novelist for the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which appeared in 1864. Later in life Gordon McCabe became the president of the Virginia Historical Society. That post is now held by Judge Daniel Grinnan, formerly of the Virginia Chancery Court, whose life began on the historic banks of the Robinson River near its confluence with the Rapidan, all battle sites in the war of the sixties, for here the Richmond Howitzers (my husband's company) encountered and defeated the Pennsylvania "Bucktails" close to "Brampton," the old Grinnan home. Judge Grinnan's aunt by marriage, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, bought the residence of Gen. Robert E. Lee in Richmond and presented it for the needs of the Virginia Historical Society. Her sisters, the Misses Stuart, traveled with Miss Mary Custis Lee to India and the families were always most intimate. The Franklin Street war residence of General Lee has long become too small for the present purposes of the Virginia Historical Society, so that the new building, known as the Virginia House, will now fulfill a special need in the heart of Virginian antiquarians while lending a trace of architecture and traditions that nestle back far in the realm of Mother England.

Virginia will add to the attractions of Richmond in soon opening the doors of this wonderful new home for the Historical Society, or Association, in what is called "Virginia House," where will be housed the priceless relics that belong to the Old Dominion through her heritage as "Mother of Presidents" and oldest of colonies, as well as "Mother of States and Statesmen."

This new structure is new only in the sense of having been recently brought to Virginia and rebuilt in Richmond. It is constructed of materials brought from old England, and was once known as Warwick Priory, which was completed in England in 1565. The material is a species of sandstone, mellowed to a beautiful tint by the touch of time, with the stones still showing the moss that age has accumulated, and, also, which is most interesting, the craft marks of the guilds who were the masons that builded in those olden days, when the guilds were just beginning to take that prominent part in English civilization which marked the rise of "Guild Halls" as the form for the labor element. These emblems after four

Company's convoy required a man's having a trade to be an emigrant to the colony on the James River, to safeguard the land from idle adventurers.

This "Virginia House" is situated in the loveliest surroundings of attractive Richmond, where a superb view of the James River leads the trail of memory to old Jamestown Island, and embodies in its structure a replica of "Sulgrave Manor," the original home of the Washington family in England. In the wing of the house, the portraits and relics of the Virginia Historical Society are to be domiciled; and a preservation in our republic of America, where most that is noblest and highest comes to our inheritance through English ideals. Like Sulgrave Manor in England, it shows the Washington coat-of-arms above the entrance; and authentic history points to the characteristics of the Father of his Country as heiring his birthright from a race that was true to Church and crown. The Virginia House has a roof of the old stones that came from England, only where once wooden pegs held them in place, now copper wire secures them fast as a part of this unique structure. The massive original oaken stairway and beautiful balustrade and wall panelings are a liberal education in the art of woodcraft; for it takes the fancy across the seas to the days of "Merry England," when "Good Queen Bess" herself, in her royal pilgrimages, made a tour to this historic site, which was old even in her time. Little did speculation then, though Drake was sailing the high seas, ever dream that a priory of original stones would some day follow the explorers to the land named in honor of England's Virgin Queen; in 1572 she slept beneath this very same roof, and a stone in the west wing of the building bears the royal arms in commemoration of this event.

The windows of the Virginia House are of the finest tinted glass ever seen in the United States and are the equal of any abroad, challenging comparison with the cathedrals of Europe; for four centuries of sunlight have tinted their shade to a color which cannot be imitated; and here and there are medallions of stained glass that are colored by the melting of silver into the molten glass, which was the earliest method of producing colored glass as well as the most lasting and expensive. The beams over the fireplaces are of hewn flaked

centuries are still plainly discernible, and are as unique as coats-of-arms of the working class; for, from the guilds sprang "town meetings and the rule of the people in that democracy vouchsafed by the Magna Charter. In this connection, and as the United States is soon to have a President whose father was a blacksmith, it is well to note and chronicle that President Tyler of Virginia, who sleeps at sacred Hollywood, descended from that Wat Tyler, the blacksmith who headed the labor element and wrested the Magna Charter from King John. The Cavalier contingent in Virginia always had its ballast in the sturdy yeomanry and guild element, for the privileges of the London

white oak, as sound and hard as when hewn centuries ago. One can vision the carols and yule log, of those festive scenes!

The gift of the Virginia House to the people of the old Commonwealth of Virginia, and be it remembered there are but three commonwealths in the United States—*i.e.*, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania—comes through the generosity of Alexander W. Weddell, Jr., a native-born Richmonder, whose heritage was noble blood from a long line of those immortal Virginians who lived to the glory of God and died for conscience. Mr. Weddell is essentially a self-made man, having carved his own life from the inspiration of those who gave him birth, for he possessed nothing of fortune as a boy but the great privilege of a sainted mother, at whose knee he heard of tragedy such as seldom befalls the sorrows of the human heart. Through self-endeavor, he has earned education and served as private secretary and consul general at many foreign posts, including long residences in Denmark, Italy, Greece, Cairo, India, Mexico, and the Near East, while sojourns in Calcutta, Athens, Beirut, and East Africa have given him a comprehensive appreciation that "be it ever so humble there is no place like home." He is prejudiced in his love for Richmond as the city of his birth and of hallowed memories, so that, in making it his home, is exemplified the truism to the Southern heart, "Carry me back to Ole Virginny" as being a cycle of Cathay.

The cause of the hold of the capital of Virginia on Mr. Weddell's heartstrings is most pathetic. He is a liberal, broad-minded man in all that foreign travel and study in universities at home and abroad can give, yet, indwelling, are the tender lessons learned in childhood of those terrible days when war made of Virginia a blood-soaked battle field, and of tragedies perpetrated in the frenzy of passion which have left an impress that cannot be forgotten, even if forgiven.

In that section of Richmond where rises old St. John's Episcopal Church, within whose walls Patrick Henry made his memorable speech for "liberty or death," and where Virginia conventions met to ratify the Federal Constitution, there are two tablets—one to the memory of Alexander W. Weddell, Sr., late rector of St. John's Church and, I say it reverently, than whom there was never a more beloved man in Richmond—a big hearted giant of a man, who chose to give of his talent and tremendous energy to the glory of God rather than fame. In any walk of life or on any battle field, Rev. Dr. Weddell would have made his mark by those compelling qualities which men revere. He devoted his short life to up-building Virginia, just as Gen. Robert E. Lee was doing at Lexington in the college hall after Appomattox—only Dr. Weddell preached the Word of God, and encouraged the people to bear their heavy burden when proud old Virginia was bereft of her statehood and listed as "Military District, No. 1." By his side there toiled a little woman, frail, sweet and beautiful—Penelope Margaret Wright Weddell—who, early left a widow, had to maintain and rear a large family of children when her sainted husband was called with the summons, "well done," to enter into the joy of his Lord.

To-day, close to the spot where sleeps, Chancellor George Wythe, the signer of the Declaration of Independence (and the instructor in the law of John Marshall, the Chief Justice), and where also rest the remains of the mother of Edgar Allan Poe, are buried in the same grave Alexander Weddell, Sr., rector of old St. John's and the woman he adored, "Dear little Mrs. Weddell," as every one called her. She was lovely in spirit and her soul illumined her face like a beatific vision, so that wherever she moved, always modestly like a violet, people said, "That is Mrs. Weddell," and gave the

homage her character and charm of personality warranted. Every one knew she had passed through "deep waters", been baptized literally with tears and those drops of blood like unto Gethsamane. Her father, the sainted Dr. Wright, of Virginia, who, like the Great Physician, gave his time and talent to the art of healing, was executed by a tribunal when "Beast Butier" came up the Peninsula. Dr. Wright had won the love of Norfolk and Portsmouth by his great services when those cities were plague infested with yellow fever; he stayed, he served, he was never recompensed save with the love of the community and the respect of the commonwealth.

Dr. Wright was a strong Union man in days of the sixties, and he stuck at his post as a doctor of medicine in the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, where his services to women and children went on. All Virginia felt he was sincere in his convictions, and none questioned his privilege to be a Union man; his conscience could not go against the sovereign power of the United States. But Norfolk and Portsmouth early fell under Federal control with the seizure of the navy yards. The details of tragedy can never be explained, but one day, as Dr. Wright was going from his home, where he had just eaten a wedding anniversary dinner with his family, he met a body of noisy negro troops on the pavement, who were most insolent. The sight of negroes in the blue uniform always excited the people of Norfolk to a great degree, seeming like "insurrection"—since negroes were then slaves in Virginia. Dr. Wright was unarmed; he never carried a pistol, as he held that no man should take another's man's life. Quietly and unostentatiously, he was simply passing as a private citizen along the street when the negroes would not give way, but jostled him, pushing him in the gutter. Nobody could ever explain how it happened; he was beset by this mob with drawn swords, and to defend him, somebody thrust a pistol in his hand. How it happened was never known. Anyway, the pistol went off as a soldier lunged against him. Dr. Wright did not shoot, but the pistol was accidentally fired and a Union soldier fell! Instantly the good Doctor was seized and carried to prison, tried later by military tribunal, and sentenced to be hanged! He was manacled and marched through the streets of Norfolk. His trial was absolutely unfair, but he never for a second doubted the outcome, so accepted his fate without a tremor, save regret at forfeiting his life on so false a charge and leaving his dear ones.

Then his young daughter, Penelope Margaret Wright, went to the prison at nightfall and, though under espionage, with concealed clothing succeeded in draping her father as a woman and disguised thus, he left the jail, where a carriage was awaiting; while his daughter put on his boots and got in his cot, sticking her feet outside the blanket at the foot, so as to give herself the height of a man (she was very small). A sentry, however, spied Dr. Wright and noted he was much taller than the woman who had been admitted to see him. The alarm was given; Dr. Wright was retaken, and his penalty soon ended on the gallows. Three Episcopal ministers accompanied him to the scaffold, and his remains lay in state in Christ Church in Norfolk, where floral tributes were so many the flowers had to be tacked to the casket to keep them from falling off. The coffin of cypress had been made under the direction of the martyr, for martyr truly was this gentleman, of whom the General Assembly of Virginia passed highest eulogiums on his merits as a citizen, his worth in his profession in yellow fever plagues, and his high and exalted character at all times and under grievous provocations and

strain. The rough cypress wood casket was shaped with a boxlike top over the face, and there the doomed man had placed the pictures of his family, wife and children, which he wished buried with him. One of these pictures was that of his oldest son, who had been killed three months before, at the age of twenty-one, while leading his men at Gettysburg, fighting for the South. His family later made their way under flag of truce to Petersburg, where the sympathy of the Commonwealth went out to welcome them; but his daughter, Mrs. Weddell, who tried to rescue him, could never forget this experience, of which people spoke always with hushed breath—In a whisper one would heard it said; "She risked her life to try to save her father. Beast Butler's gang hanged him, one of Virginia's noblest sons!"

And now her son, the donor of the Virginia House to the State, has placed a tablet to her memory in old St. John's Church, Richmond where the populace pauses by the shaft just outside the door beneath which she sleeps with her noble husband a sample of all that is highest in the home life of Virginia when altars of sacrifice required the faith of the patriarchs to meet the burdens of the day. Often there are white carnations on the ground above her, emblems of love and purity and motherhood, palms and floral tributes, where droning bees and the sigh of the wind in the trees breathes a requiem of unspoken heroism that hallows the sacrificial altars of the Southland.

From one of her boys, bereft of his father when a little lad, Virginia is proud to receive the tribute of the Virginia House—for the relics of the past seem but emblems of that higher life, that loftier existence where, in the fullness of God's mercy, all tears are wiped away. The city of Richmond is made richer by such memories; the visible sign of the Virginia House is but a reminder, in housing the temporal treasures of a glorious civilization, of the Spartan spirit and Christian virtues of the Wright-Weddell family. Truly, in thinking of Mrs. Weddell, one always thinks of those lines; "The cup of strength to other souls in their great agony," for though she has joined the choir invisible, whose music is the sweetness of the world, yet her memory "lives always in lives made better by her presence" and her heroism, of which little was said while this quiet gentle soul shed her influence on a community which honored her while living, and her tragic history will be remembered like Jephtha's daughter and Abraham's sacrifice, for voluntarily, and knowing full well what it meant, she went to her father's aid and took upon herself all that might befall as a penalty in trying to effect his escape and release.

History has few if any such parallels. The name of Penelope Wright Weddell stands supreme in the annals of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Richmond, as one, if not the most heroic, of all the galaxy of Southern heroines. Great was the risk, but greater her filial devotion. Success did not crown her efforts, but sublime was the motive; and to this spirit Virginia bows in reverence too deep for words.

Bard of the South!—the "Summer Rose"

May perish with the "Autumn Leaf,"

The "footprints left on Tampa's shores"

May vanish with a date as brief:

But thine shall be the "life" of fame;

No winter winds can wreck thy name;

And future minstrels shall rehearse

Thy virtues in memorial verse!

—Alexander Beaufort Meek, on the Death of Richard Henry Wilde.

THE CITY OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

BY MRS. A. R. DODSON, HISTORIAN TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

Chattanooga is a city with a background of history and romance, the history of the great war of the sixties, the romance of the Old South. In addition to all its fine traditions, it is a thriving modern city, noted for cordial hospitality and every other characteristic of Southern cities. All about are places of rare scenic and historic interest—Signal Mountain, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Moccasin Bend, while the Chickamauga battle field (now a National Park), Snodgrass Hill, Lee and Gordon's Mill, Orchard Knob, Tunnel Hill, all have their interest as landmarks of history.

Chattanooga is also an important manufacturing city of Hamilton County. Located on the Tennessee River, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, in the southeastern corner of the State, it is the gateway to the whole Southern country. The city was founded in 1836, when it was known as Ross's Landing, from the name of a famous Cherokee chief, and in 1852 it was incorporated as a city under its present name. It was but a scattering town in 1860, with a population of less than three thousand, but its strategic situation made its occupation of value to the Federal government and it became the center of their great military operations.

The territory of that region became an almost continuous battle field, extending along the lines of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway and the Western and Atlantic Railroad, from north of Chattanooga to and beyond Atlanta, Ga. The concise story given here of each of the important engagements thereon should enable the reader to get a clear and comprehensive idea of this tremendous campaign. On these fields of glory were fought some of the most desperately contested battles of the war, and the memory of the valor there displayed will stir the blood and awaken the patriotism of American citizens for generations to come, and doubtless inspire them to similar deeds of heroism should the defense of their sacred rights again require it. The beauty of the well-kept grounds, the imposing monuments commemorating important events, and the many memorial tablets explaining the various actions make a visit to these battle fields an event of supreme interest and inspiration, as well as instruction.

On the 18th of September, 1863, was fired the first gun of the great battle of Chickamauga, which, though showing a greater loss for the Confederates, was undoubtedly a Confederate victory, a victory dearly bought. General Bragg, in command of Confederate forces there, gave his losses as two-fifths of the force there engaged. But of far greater importance to the Confederacy was the loss of Chattanooga, to which the Federal army had retired, and which they now proceeded to fortify. The Federal losses were in the neighborhood of 17,000 men, and arms in proportion, but Chattanooga was worth the price, and this great loss of life was seemingly compensated for in the possession of such a stronghold as Chattanooga. General Forrest strongly urged the following of the Federal forces into Chattanooga, as they retired from the fields of Chickamauga, but Bragg did not see the value of further effort just then, and the city was lost to the Confederacy forever. Nightfall put an end to the contest, and the Confederates, unmolested by general pursuit, abandoned all their positions before Chattanooga, leaving there 6,000 prisoners, 40 guns and 7,000 small arms in the hands of the Federals. General Bragg then took position at Ringgold and Dalton, and the next day the command under Gen. P. R. Cleburne, beat off a reconnoitering party under Sherman at White Oak Ridge. This may be said to have been the end of the Chattanooga campaign. The strength of the Federal army

was about 80,000, while that of the Confederates was some 50,000. The Union loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 5,000, while the Confederates suffered much more severely, the losses in prisoners especially being disproportionately large.

Missionary Ridge, six miles in length, is on the east side of the city, and from it a series of beautiful views of the country on each side is obtained as one drives by automobile over the splendid roads about the mountain or rides the street cars which run for three miles on the crest of the Ridge, passing over much of the ground which was the scene of the assault of the Ridge by Union forces under Grant in 1863.

Orchard Knob was the site of General Grant's headquarters in 1863-64, and it is now studded with fine monuments. The National Cemetery, owned and cared for by the government, covers an area of over one hundred acres, and within its gates over 14,000 Union dead are buried.

The Confederate Cemetery, on East Fifth Street, Chattanooga, is a beautiful spot, maintained and cared for by the Daughters of the Confederacy of the city. Within its boundaries are buried about 1,250 Confederate soldiers, and many memorial tablets of bronze bear their names.

Lookout Mountain is impressive in its ruggedness. It is so located as to be the principal vantage point from which to view the picturesque Chattanooga region, and matchless scenes of mountains and valleys are unfolded before the gazing eye. Rising abruptly from the valley, and from the very edge of the Tennessee River, the mountain commands an entrancing view of Chattanooga, the broad curves of the stream—Moccasin Bend—one of the most sublime scenes on the American continent, with other mountain heights and expanses of rolling country to be seen as far as the eye can reach.

In addition to its rich scenic and historic assets, Chattanooga offers many inducements as a convention city. Splendid hotels and sight-seeing facilities are offered. An important factor in the selection of Chattanooga as a convention place by many great gatherings is the magnificent Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Auditorium. In this great building is a main theater seating 5,500, with a full-sized, fully-equipped stage; a smaller theater seating fifteen hundred; a score of lesser assembly rooms, seating from fifty to five hundred. A wonderful Austin organ, costing \$5,500, is a feature of the main theater.

Most notable of famous men of Chattanooga was Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, Confederate States Army. Born in Rogersville on October 2, 1821, he served with great honor in the Confederate army, and at the time of his death in 1911, he was one of the Commissioners of the Chickamauga National Park. Gov. James B. Frazier (also United States Senator), Thomas N. Preston, of the American Bankers Association, and other men of note have had prominent connection with the city of Chattanooga.

A brief résumé of the outstanding points of this city at the present time shows the following: Population, 97,500; in "Greater Chattanooga," an area of twenty-five square miles, the population shown by the 1927 directory was 148,586; principal industry, manufacturing, in which there is an investment of \$140,575,000, and there are 384 factories, nine railroad lines, two steamboat lines. The bank clearings are \$408,846,265. Form of government, commission. There are 204 acres in city parks and 158 miles of paved streets. The investment in public schools is \$3,373,547. Elevation above sea level, 672 to 975 feet.

Chickamauga National Park, ten miles south of Chattanooga, owned by the United States government, covers an

area of more than six thousand acres. It was on this field that the important three days' battle of Chickamauga was fought, and which was recorded as being the bloodiest in history. The park is kept in its natural state, many of the old frame buildings being preserved as they existed during the engagements. Over 2,000 monuments, tablets and markers have been erected by the government and various States, which help toward a clearer understanding of the battles. Lines of battle, spots where officers were killed, and other points of interest are designated, the study of which can be followed with much interest for several days.

Everywhere are interesting relics of the "Battle Above the Clouds," on the summit of Lookout Mountain, and General Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, commemorating these most formidable natural fortresses. Cannon similar to those used at the battle are in the exact position that they occupied during the battle. Numerous steel towers have also been erected upon the tops of which the whole plain, the ridge and the mountains are spread in comprehensive array.

Fort Oglethorpe, regimental cavalry post, designated for a brigade post, is immediately to the north, and is the best cavalry training center in this country. In both recent wars, Chickamauga, hallowed by events of civil strife, has been largely used for mobilization and training when the nation was engaged with foreign foes. A trip through this beautiful park, with its many fine driveways, will be remembered as one of the most interesting ever taken.

Just forty-five minutes from the station at Chattanooga is handsome Signal Mountain Inn, which crowns the summit of this beautiful and romantic mountain by that name. It is reached by the most up-to-date interurban car line in the South. The scenery from the cars as they go up the mountain, and from Signal Point, cannot be surpassed anywhere, with the Tennessee River on one side and the Palisades on the other. The car winds its way to a height of 2,000 feet above the sea with a continual shifting panorama of beautiful landscapes.

THE SIXTH MISSOURI AT CORINTH.

BY JAMES E. PAYNE, DALLAS, TEX.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, the military establishment of Missouri consisted of ten divisions designated as the State Guard. Only the "First," commanded by Brig. Gen. D. M. Frost, of St. Louis, had any trained men. These were of the 1st Regiment commanded by Col. John S. Bowen. Each division was commanded by a brigadier general, some of whom had seen service in Mexico. Maj. Gen. Sterling Price was commander in chief.

After the Camp Jackson affair, Colonel Bowen reassembled his companies, made his way to Columbus, Ky., and joined the army of Gen. A. S. Johnston.

As a counter stroke to the capture of Camp Jackson, Governor Jackson instructed General Moorman, of Kansas City, to take possession of army stores at Liberty Arsenal. A few days later, Captain Price, at Fort Leavenworth, was ordered to occupy Kansas City. This move was in violation of the Price-Harney treaty, and aroused a bitter spirit among Southern sympathizers, and in three days, State Guards to the number of twelve hundred gathered near Independence. Then quickly followed the unfortunate affair at Rock Creek, the retreat to Lexington, where several hundred others had gathered; there to Cowskin Prairie, in McDonald County, fighting the battle of Carthage and routing Sigel on the way. General Price joined his small army at Cowskin, and, being reinforced by Gen. Ben McCulloch, proposed an attack on

General Lyon at Springfield, Mo. On the way, and while in bivouac at Wilson Creek, they were surprised by Lyon, but fought so well that after six hours of desperate fighting they killed Lyon and repulsed his army. Lacking authority to proceed farther into Missouri, McCulloch returned to Arkansas. Price, however, marched north, surrounded and captured Lexington, and was preparing to march on to Kansas City when he learned that several Federal contingents were moving to surround and destroy him. He returned to the southwest, then marched to Osceola, and from there to Springfield, where he went into winter quarters.

While at Osceola, the organization of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th regiments of infantry, C. S. A., the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, and three batteries of artillery was completed. At Springfield, Col. Thomas H. Rosser began the organization of a regiment, and had mustered in four strong companies when the approach of two Federal armies, one from Rolla, the other from Kansas City, induced Price to fall back into Arkansas; nor did he halt until safe in the Boston Mountains. Here he was joined by Major General Van Dorn and Generals McCulloch and McIntosh. At a council of war it was planned to move on General Curtis, who, with sixteen thousand Federals, was camped at Cross Hollows. In the battles of Pea Ridge and Elkhorn Mountain, McCulloch and McIntosh were killed and General Slack mortally and General Price slightly wounded, and the army repulsed. General Van Dorn was then ordered to transfer his army to Mississippi and report to General Beauregard at Corinth.

At Memphis, Colonel Rosser was ordered to the command of the post. This left his battalion of four companies to the command of Maj. Eugene Erwin, who, by midsummer, had brought in six more companies, bringing it up to a full regiment, captained as follows:

Company A, McKinney, Jackson County; Company B, Taylor, Lafayette County; Company C, Cooper, Howard County; Company D, Duncan, Johnson County; Company E, Woodard, St. Genevieve County; Company F, Weidmoyer, St. Clair County; Company G, Clark, Piatte County; Company H, Hickey, Adair County; Company I, Dickey, Saline County; Company K, Parsons, Cape Girardeau County.

By autumn, the 6th Missouri Regiment was fairly well drilled and seasoned.

In September, 1862, General Price, who had been joined by two more divisions, advanced on Iuka, Miss., which he occupied just after the Federal occupant had hurriedly abandoned it. Price had been encouraged to make this move by a report which indicated that General Grant, in command of North Mississippi and West Tennessee, had been ordered to Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, with a part of his forces, leaving Corinth and Jackson, Tenn., with greatly weakened garrisons. This report was a false one, and after a few days at Iuka, Price's scouts reported both Grant and Rosecranz moving on him with largely superior forces. General Rosecranz, with an army that alone outnumbered Price's, advanced from the direction of Purdy, Miss., while Grant was coming from Corinth and Jackson. As Rosecranz was closer up, Price, leaving General Maurey to match Grant, moved out and attacked Rosecranz, holding Erwin in reserve to be used when and where most needed.

At the sound of the first gun, Erwin was in a fever of impatience. Hoping to be ordered into action, he formed the regiment in line and awaited developments. Soon the battle opened in earnest. We could hear the deep intonations of the artillery and incessant roar of small arms as Colonel Rogers, of Texas, led his heroes in that charge that has gone down in history as one of the "most gallant in modern times."

From where we stood we could see the white smoke lift itself above the green of the tree tops and float away on the evening breeze, and we wondered how long it would be before we could join in the mêlée. We could see the rays of the sun grow slant, and feel the coming of night. We could see ambulance after ambulance coming in with their ghastly loads of maimed and wounded men, and we felt that the little aid we could give was needed. Longingly we looked up the dusty lane beyond which the battle was raging to see a courier bringing orders that would send us to the front. Isn't it strange that men will feel that way even when realizing the horrible realities of battle? Yet it is so, and just as the leveling rays of the sun were giving their last kiss to the tree tops, we hailed with loud cheers orders that sent us double quickening to the firing line.

At the farther end of the lane in the edge of the grove, General Price awaited us. He wore a gray blouse, and the dying rays of the setting sun emblazoned his features, features of true soldierly nobility. He raised his hand in salute as we swept past, and said: "Ah, my noble boys. Would to God I had had you here an hour ago!" There was an unmistakable pathos and anguish in his usually cheerful voice, and tears were on his cheeks. We knew then that some great disaster had befallen, and learned a few minutes later that Gen. Henry Little had been killed. Had we been there an hour earlier, General Little might not have been killed, the battle saved.

Night had fallen, and the two armies slept so close to each other that conversation was only in whispers, lest we draw each other's fire. A council of war was called. General Price wanted to attack Rosecranz at daylight, but as it became known that Grant, with twenty thousand men, more than all the Confederates available, was in striking distance, a retreat was determined upon. The retreat was begun early next morning and continued until Booneville was reached. Here Price received a letter from Gen. Earl Van Dorn proposing a union of forces at Ripley and a sudden move on Corinth. Ripley was only thirty-five miles away and the undertaking seemed promising.

On September 30, the movement began. The combined forces comprised three divisions—to wit: Price's (the Missourians and one Mississippi regiment), Maurey's, and Lovell's; besides these a small force of cavalry. By night we had reached Pochahontas on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, almost equidistant from Corinth, Bolivar, and Grand Junction, threatening all three of those points.

On the morning of the first, we moved in the direction of Corinth, Gen. Frank Armstrong masking our movement with the cavalry. That night we reached a point between Corinth and Chewalla, about seven miles from the former. Corinth, a town of fifteen hundred people, was at the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston and Mobile and Ohio Railroads. It was a strong strategic point and had been a coveted position ever since the waves of war had rolled so far southward. In the previous April, Halleck, with one hundred thousand men, had laid siege to it while being held by General Beauregard with forty thousand men. Beauregard, one of the most accomplished engineers in the Confederacy, had strongly fortified the place, and in moving upon it Van Dorn knew he would have Beauregard's old works to carry by assault. Halleck's advance, however, had been from the northeast, and on that side of the city Beauregard's strongest defenses had been constructed. These consisted of redoubts mounted with artillery and connected by breastworks made almost unapproachable by abattis of fallen timber.

It was partly to avoid the strongest of these works and partly to keep the forces of the enemy divided that the Confederate commander first moved north to Pocahontas and then turned to the right and drove straight toward Corinth.

Price's division, following the Chewalla road, encountered the enemy three miles from Corinth on the morning of the 3rd and brushed him back. Hebert's Brigade, comprising the 6th Missouri Regiment, Samuel's Battalion, and the 42nd Mississippi, was thrown forward, its right resting on the Chewalla road. Finding only a skirmish line in its front, it advanced until it found itself confronted by a line of formidable earthworks, in front of which was an almost impenetrable abattis of fallen trees. Nothing daunted, the men picked their way through, never halting until clear of abstrusion. But the Federals had not waited to receive our attack, and had abandoned their strong position without firing a shot. The brigade continued its forward movement, shifting to the left until its left wing reached the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, its right resting on the Chewalla road. Here we encountered General Davies's Division of Illinoisians, strongly posted on a timbered ridge, with an open field some two hundred yards wide, in his front. Davies's center was protected by a battery of field guns. Captain Landis's strong battery of 12-pounder Napoleons was quickly thrown into position, engaged the Federal guns, and after a thirty-minute duel put them out of action. This was the signal for the infantry to attack, and the brigade was in immediate motion. Raising a cheer, we drove straight at our formidable foe.

The Federals did not open fire until we dashed into the open field. Then they gave us a volley that left a line of gray where it struck. The right of our regiment moved forward without obstruction and drove the first line of the enemy back upon his support, but on the left the movement was not so successful. In front of Company B, was a small house. In passing this, the company was thrown into confusion, and Captain Taylor, in righting the line was killed and Lieutenant Hickman wounded. Hardly had it recovered from this disaster when it found further obstruction in an impenetrable mass of briars and undergrowth. Extricating themselves from this new trouble, the men pushed on and reestablished the alignment. The regiment now held the ridge from which Davies had been driven, but was exposed to a rifle fire of unparalleled destructiveness. General Davies had massed his men in a depression about thirty yards from his first position, and the battle became fierce and bloody.

The Missourians, dropping to their knees, reckless of the storm that was sweeping their line and depleting their numbers, delivered their fire with a coolness and precision that were wonderful. The rattle of musketry became a roar like unto the plunging of mighty waters. The combatants were not more than thirty yards apart and the battle smoke made a blue haze about them that rendered outlines indistinct even at that short distance. On the right, Samuel's Battalion became shaky from the terrible punishment it was receiving, and but for the almost superhuman exertions of Captain Furnish, its commander, would have abandoned the field. On the left, the 42nd Mississippi, comprising half of the brigade, had lost its commander, and was falling back slowly, fighting feebly. This left the 6th Missouri almost without support, and it bore the brunt of the desperate conflict almost alone. Major Vaughn had been killed early in the action. Lieutenant Colonel Hudspeth had been borne from the field with a wound from which he never recovered. Colonel Erwin received a painful hurt in his foot, but stayed with his men as long as he could endure his suffering. Captain McKin-

ney was shot through the head and killed instantly. Captain Dickey suffered a like fate. Captain Cooper was led away with a shattered left arm. Lieutenants Weidemyer and Bluit fell dead while leading their men, both shot through the heart. Captain Duncan was wounded in the leg, Lieutenant Hickman in the arm, and Lieutenant Parish mortally shot. In less than an hour every commissioned officer but four, and every noncommissioned officer but six, had been killed or wounded. Ensign Huff received nine wounds before resigning the colors, wet with his blood, to a comrade. The fighting became dogged. All the animal in man was aroused. No one seemed to think of death; the ruling impulse was to destroy. If a soldier's ammunition became exhausted, he replenished his box from that of the dead. If his gun became fouled or overheated, he gathered another from a disabled comrade and fought on till crumpled up by an enemy bullet or until the arrival of succor. No one thought of seeking safety in flight. The air was full of whizzing missiles of death. These swept past with the swish of a wing or the whine of a dog in distress. One could see by little puffs of dust where they smote the flying splinters or bark, where they hit a tree, stump, or shrub, or by the falling or doubling up of a comrade when they reached the intended mark.

Company A, of which I was third sergeant, suffered terribly. That morning at roll call, rank and file numbered thirty-two men. Of these, seven were killed outright and twenty were wounded. I was left the ranking officer for a moment, got a Minie ball through my right hand, and finding I could no longer use it, left the company, now reduced to five men to a corporal, and repaired to the rear.

General Davies, ascertaining that the 42nd Mississippi was giving way, pressed forward his right and, turning our position, poured a deadly fire into our flank. Still the few that were left fought on, merely facing around to meet the attack from the changed direction. Just as I started to the rear, I met Phipper's Texas Brigade coming to our rescue. On the double they came, bayonets fixed and flashing in the setting sunlight, muskets at shoulder. Pivoting on their right where it touched Samuel's line, maintaining excellent formation as it swung into position, delivering a volley that hurled Davies back on his supports, then, had not daylight failed, in another hour Corinth would have been ours.

This clash of Missouri against Illinois and Indiana was like lightning striking lava as it flows down the riven sides of Vesuvius. Ah! but those blue coats fought, fought with a courage that was grand; and many a wife was widowed, many a mother bereft in that day's bitter struggle for mastery. Our men held the field. After dark came a flag of truce, asking privilege to remove a wounded or dead officer. He was found still alive, but it required the removal of sixteen bodies to get to him. Good evidence that we had done some good shooting too.

Next morning what remained of Erwin's Regiment was summoned to roll call. None had been taken prisoners, none had run away, yet of the three hundred men who had gone into battle the previous day, only thirty answered. Of the commissioned officers left there were the adjutant and three lieutenants. Of course, these did not cut much of a figure in the desperate fighting on the fourth, but that battle was such a glorious test of Southern valor that a few words in description are always in order.

As previously stated, Corinth was at the crossing of two railroads. In one of the angles formed by the crossing was the station house, and near by the Tishomingo House. The Chewalla road, coming in from the west, trended a ridge sparsely cumbered with stumps, otherwise clear. Upon the

apex of this ridge, its guns commanding the approach from south and west, was Battery Robinette, mounting six Parrot siege guns. Back of this and overtopping it was Battery Williams, with nine guns. These, from the well-chosen position of emplacement, commanded three quadrants of a circle. To the left of this fort, looking north, was a star fort with five guns. Farther to the left, a bastion or Fort Richardson, mounting six guns, with effective command of approaches from north or northwest. On the extreme right of the Federal line were two three-gun lunettes. All these, lunettes, forts, and batteries, were connected by rifle pits. It was behind these, protected by the heavy guns of his forts, that General Rosecranz organized his powerful defense. Hamilton's Brigade held his right, Davies's Division, with six companies of Yates's sharpshooters, joined on his left. Stanley's Division, its left resting on Battery Robinette, held the center. McKenna's Division and McArthur's Brigade completed the line. Each flank was guarded by cavalry, and several batteries of field guns, protected by hay and cotton bales, were dispersed at intervals along the front. The reserves were posted on College Hill.

The Confederate army comprised three divisions. Price's Division of Missourians formed the left, Maurey the center, and Lovell the right. The plan of battle was for Price to open the fight by an attack on Rosecranz's right and center; Maurey was to strike as soon as Price became engaged; Lovell was to advance farther to the right and turn the Federal left. Had this plan been carried out, Corinth, undoubtedly would have been taken. As it came to pass, Maurey got in action too late and, from some unexplained reason, Lovell failed to move at all.

The first hours of the morning were consumed in a furious cannonade of the Federal position, which was returned with spirit. Then Price moved. Debouching from the wood in which he had concealed his advance, his three brigades swept forward to the attack. As they emerged from cover they appeared a mere mass of men. Then the mass took on form, the form of the letter V, its point forging ahead as if to pierce the enemy's line. The two wings spread out, swiftly advancing, widening, and expanding, and as these wings came into alignment, dashed straight ahead. Then burst the storm. Every red-mouthed cannon from the frowning brow of Robinette on the right, to the most distant lunette on the left, belched forth their destructive fire. A sheet of flame leaped out from fronting rifle pits and showers of iron and leaden hail smote the onrushing men from Missouri with terrible and deadly effect. Great gaps were torn in their ranks, to be filled as soon as made. They were under the concentrated fire of fifty cannon and ten thousand rifles. Not for a moment did they halt. Bending their necks as do men when protecting themselves from storm-driven hailstones, they pressed rapidly ahead. Every instant death smote. It came in a hundred shapes, every shape a separate horror. Here a shell, short fused, exploding in the thinning ranks, would rend and leave its victims and spatter their comrades with brains, flesh, and blood. Men came out of that storm looking like workers in an abattoir. Men's heads were blown to atoms. Fragments of human flesh still quivering with life would slap other men in the face, or fall to earth to be trampled under foot. Men went down in hundreds, but the others went on, yelling like demons, fighting like Missourians. So impetuous was their onslaught, even against odds, that the enemy's first line was carried and his center pierced. Stanley's men gave ground, but were saved from disaster by the timely arrival of reinforcements. Yates and Davies were hurled out of their strong position, and the Missourians were filling and storming across the plaza of

the Tishomingo House when the arrival of the reserves forced them out again. Fort Richardson was stormed and taken, but its captors were too weak to hold it. Hamilton, overlapping the Confederate line, now swung to the left and, taking it in flank, threaten its rear and forced it gradually back. Price, witnessing the slaughter of his gallant boys and hearing no supporting guns on his right where Maurey and Lovell should be at work, ordered the recall. Never had a charge been more bravely made. Never had soldiers displayed sublimer heroism than that of the Missourians on that fatal morning.

One of the witnesses of that wonderful charge was General Villapigue. Trained in the army of Napoleon where the soldier's uniform and highly drilled movement counted for much, this dainty Frenchman had seen those Missourians march in review, ununiformed and unkempt as to attire, poorly drilled, and inefficient in the manual of arms, and exclaimed: "*A bas! Sans culotte, sans culotte!* Those men will run at the first fire." This morning, however, his eyes were opened, and he exclaimed: "Grand! Grand! With a hundred thousand soldiers like those, I could fight my way across Europe!"

After recovering from his wound and returning to his regiment, Colonel Erwin had the following inscription placed on the regimental battle flag:

"SIXTH MISSOURI INFANTRY,
C. S. A.

EUGENE ERWIN, COMMANDING.

THIS REGIMENT WAS THE FIRST TO CHARGE THE INNER INTRENCHMENTS AT CORINTH, MISS., AND TWENTY-SIX OF ITS THIRTY COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND TWENTY-TWO OF ITS NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS WERE KILLED OR WOUNDED.

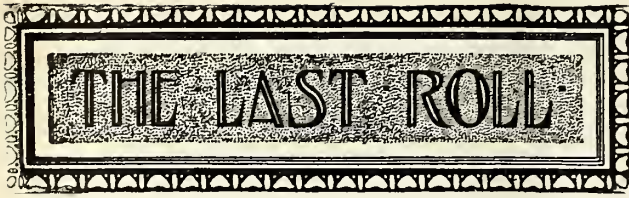
WILLIAM HUFF, ENSIGN,

RECEIVED NINE WOUNDS IN DEFENSE OF THIS FLAG BEFORE RESIGNING IT TO A COMRADE, AND OF THE THREE HUNDRED WHO WENT INTO THE BATTLE ONLY THIRTY ANSWERED TO ROLL CALL AFTER."

YANKEEISM—OR CRUELTY REFINED.

It having been announced that a large number of Confederates would arrive in this city yesterday afternoon, a large concourse of people assembled in the vicinity of the refreshment saloons to review the Secesh. The train containing them had but fairly arrived when the rain commenced to descend in torrents. So great was the curiosity of both women and men that the cooling drops of the refreshing shower did not deter them from rushing down the street to the end of the wharf, where the steamer Major Reynolds was stationed to receive the Rebel passengers for Fort Delaware.

Two companies of the 88th Ohio, that had accompanied them from Camp Chase, acted as a guard. The arduous duties of these men were amply repaid; the ladies and gentlemen of the refreshment saloons came forward with baskets full of delicious viands and distributed to these soldiers of the Union, who filled their stomachs, while the Secesh merely feasted their eyes. Among their number was Brigadier General Churchill. Nearly all of the prisoners were officers of high grade, who were captured by Rosecrans at Murfreesboro and Arkansas Post. They were four hundred and eighty of them in the party, and as the Reynolds moved slowly down the stream, with the starry emblem floating gayly over her, a small assemblage of "Young America" saluted the ears of the Rebel foes with groans.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, April, 1863.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

Whose was the hand that painted thee, O Death!
In the false aspect of a ruthless foe,
Despair and sorrow waiting on thy breath—
O gentle Power! who could have wronged thee so?

Thou rather shouldst be crowned with fadeless flowers,
Of lasting fragrance and celestial hue;
Or be thy couch amid funeral bowers,
But let the stars and sunlight sparkle through.

—Henry Timrod.

CHARLES MCKIMMON.

Another member of that immortal Army of Northern Virginia has answered the last roll call and rejoined his comrades.

On July 14, 1928, Charles McKimmon heeded the summons of the Veiled Angel even as he had heeded the call of his State and country sixty-five years before.

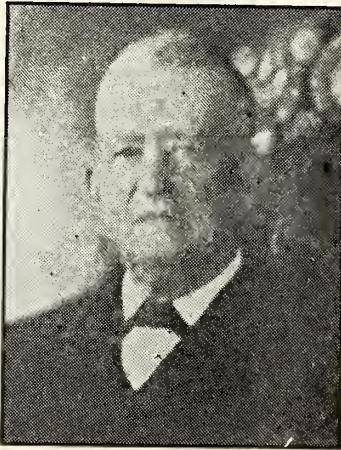
In the early autumn of 1863, a boy in his teens, he enthusiastically volunteered in the army of the Confederate States, becoming a member of the 1st North Carolina Artillery, better known as Manly's Battery.

Enduring the rigors and discomforts of the winter of 1863-64, he participated with his command at the battles of Medearisville

and Spotsylvania, and continued with Manly's Battery steadily till the end of the war. Practically, he took part in every clash that the army of Lee had with the forces of Grant in the closing months of 1864 and early 1865. The battery was engaged with the enemy almost daily in the Petersburg campaign. It was his boast that he had never been paroled.

The evening before the surrender of General Lee, the battery had been detached from the main army, with orders to seek a junction with General Johnston's men, and it was many miles away when news of the surrender came. For this reason, no member of Manly's Battery was ever questioned as to his parole, and also because the battery was shortly afterwards scattered.

Returning to his native city, Charles McKimmon entered the dry goods business and early became prominent in the mercantile life of Raleigh. The position which he had attained and the esteem in which he was held in the city of his birth are best attested by the following editorial in the *Raleigh Evening Times*:



CHARLES M'KIMMON

"In all human relations of this section there probably has not been a man in a generation who was more generally accepted as a friend in Raleigh and Wake County than the late Charles McKimmon, dead at the age of eighty-three.

"His life started with war when he was one of those heroic boys of sixteen who played men's parts in the Confederate armies. It continued, mixed with struggle and success, for many active years of business. It ended as he would have wished with the merciful quickness so much desired by those of keen sympathies and genial activity.

"Of late years Mr. McKimmon had gone about the business or irradiating cheer to the army of people he knew and who knew him when he walked abroad. He had come to a great serenity and happiness. He aged beautifully. Frost was upon him, but he was soundly ripe. Like an autumn apple on a tree on which few of his fellows remained, he glistened in the sun, speckless and sweet.

"The twig snapped. His passing will cause many a pang of regret. But his death was of that happy sort which carries a denial of mourning."

GEN. W. J. BEHAN, U. C. V.

One of the prominent leaders of the Confederate organization in New Orleans, La., was lost in the death of Gen. W. J. Behan on May 4, 1928, after a few days' illness. As soldier, statesman, business man, and civic leader in New Orleans and throughout the South for more than a half century, his passing was widely deplored. Although he had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight years, he had been active and vigorous almost to the last. It is thought that he was the last of the commissioned officers of the Washington Artillery, one of the oldest military organizations of the country, famous as a fighting unit of the War between the States.

With the Washington Artillery, William J. Behan first served as a nonsommissioned officer, then as lieutenant, and later as major, and shared in its wide renown in the Army of Northern Virginia. Since the war he had also been honored by his native city and State, having served as mayor of New Orleans, head of the State militia, and leader in the fight of the seventies to put the city under white control. Later he served as postmaster at New Orleans, and for eleven years commanded the State Division of United Confederate Veterans.

William J. Behan was born in New Orleans, September 25, 1840, and was educated at the University of Louisiana (now Tulane University), and at the Western Military Institute at Nashville, Tenn. When war came on, he enlisted with the Washington Artillery and participated in the seizure of the Federal arsenal at Baton Rouge, the command later going to Richmond and joining the Confederate forces there. After the war he engaged in business in New Orleans, and was an active business man to within a few days of his death. He was married in 1866 to Miss Katie Walker, who died some ten years ago, and he is survived by two daughters and a grandson.

Officers of the Washington Artillery attended the funeral services of General Behan in full uniform and took part in the final rites at the grave. He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery at New Orleans.

MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The following Veterans of Lowndes County, Miss., have died during this year of 1928:

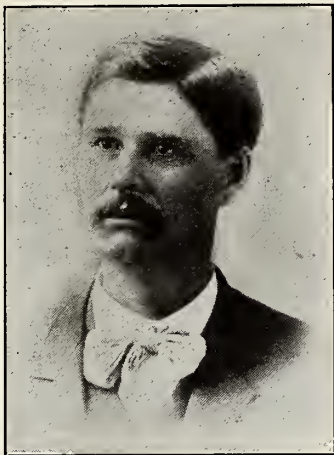
J. T. Harrison, Columbus; A. J. Ervin, Crawford.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant Camp, No. 27, U. C. V., Columbus, Miss.]

COL. ANDREW JACKSON BATES.

Andrew Jackson Bates was born on a farm in Dade County, Mo., July 22, 1844. When War between the States came on, he enlisted in September, under General Rains for six months.

During that time he was in the battle of Lexington, Mo., and assisted in the capture of General Mulligan and forty-two hundred Federal soldiers. He then enlisted with Gen. Sterling Price at Mitchell Springs, Benton County, Ark., for three years, and joined Company F, 3rd Missouri Cavalry. Col. John T. Coffee commanded this regiment which was attached to Gen. Joe Shelby's Brigade. He served in this brigade during most of the war, and participated in all of the Shelby raids and most of the battles fought by Shelby and his command.



ANDREW J. BATES

After serving three years, he enlisted for three more years and served throughout the war. He was never captured nor wounded, though his horse was shot from under him at West Port, Mo., in the raid of 1864. He was at Corsicana, Tex., when the surrender came.

In the fall of 1867, he came to Bentonville, Ark., and engaged in the grocery business. He was married December 13, 1868, to Miss Ellen Thamer Sloss. He organized the first bank in Benton County in 1884. He sold his interest in the first bank and organized the First National Bank with George P. Jackson as president and D. W. Peel as cashier, where he has been interested since. Colonel Bates was president of the First National Bank from 1912 until 1920 and resigned to apply himself to his other interests.

Colonel Bates accumulated possibly the largest fortune and paid more taxes than any one man in Benton County. He willed his large estate to his wife with whom he lived for sixty years. The estate upon the death of Mrs. Bates is to be divided among his numerous relatives, the Confederate Home, and the Crippled Children's Home in Little Rock, for the care of Confederate graves in the City Cemetery at Bentonville, and the remainder is to establish a hospital and sanitarium to be located in Bentonville and to bear the name of his wife and himself. The aim of this institution will not only be to benefit and minister to the unfortunate of Bentonville and the surrounding territory, but to the entire Southland.

Colonel Bates was a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its first issue and has every number filed. He was also a very intimate friend of Mr. Cunningham, the founder and first editor. He enterprised and made very liberal contributions to the Confederate monument in his home town. This monument is one of the finest in the State of Arkansas. He donated regularly and frequently to charity and offered a haven of refuge to all of the poor and unfortunate in his locality. He especially loved the children in his neighborhood, and he was cherished and respected by all of the little ones with whom he came into contact. He was eager at all times to assist his relatives and friends, and his support could be relied upon in any emergency.

His bravery and fortitude were never questioned, and no man ever accused him of mistreating an enemy in war or a competitor in business. When the war ended he clung with all of his heart's blood to the love and justice of the cause for which he had fought. He entertained no bitterness at the final accounting. "Colonel Jack," as he preferred to be called by friends, answered to the last roll call on earth at his home in Bentonville, Ark., October 24, 1928.

The wife of his youth, relatives, and a host of friends walked with him to the brink of that river which he crossed to enlist with the God of Battles and Just Rewarder of all faithful and brave. His body was laid to rest with those of his friends who preceded him—Col. James H. Berry, Col. Sam Peel, and his own brother, Seth Bates, in the City Cemetery in his home town. His death was marked by that Christian spirit which predominated his life. He was a believer in the Cumberland Presbyterian faith, and in his last moments his immortal spirit caught a gleam of glory divine and swept triumphantly through the gates of the city of God.

The writer of this sketch officiated at the funeral services in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was assisted by every pastor in the city. He was with Colonel Bates in his last hours and witnessed his last triumphant statement: "I forgive everybody." As bravely he fought, as bravely he lived, so bravely he died.

[William T. Thompson, S. C. V., Bentonville. Ark.]

ALFRED M. GOODWIN.

A brave Confederate soldier answered the last roll call with the passing of the spirit of Alfred M. Goodwin on July 24, 1928, at his home in Clifton Forge, Va. He was a native of Louisa County, Va., and his home for a long time was in the Cuckoo vicinity, where he owned and operated a farm until about sixteen years ago, when he made his home in Clifton Forge, prompted by the wish to spend his declining years near to those dear to him, several of his children living there. In a short time he had identified himself with the activities of the community, joining the Baptist Church there and also the Alleghany Roughts Camp of Confederate Veterans, of which he was Commander at the time of his death. For the cause of the Confederacy he had made many sacrifices, but never did he express regret for the part he took therein or lose interest in the Southern cause. Joining the Confederate army at the age of sixteen, he stayed in until the surrender, his service being with Sturdivant's Battery, and was in and around Petersburg all during the time of Grant's occupation of that territory. His command was in the crater section for some time before the explosion; and afterwards he marched and fought all the way to Appomattox. The uniform which he wore through the war, and which he proudly wore to so many reunions, now hangs in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, sent there some years ago. He was buried in the uniform which replaced the original in his U. C. V. connection.

Comrade Goodwin was a loyal son of the Old Dominion and truly exemplified the life and character of an old Virginia gentleman. He was sympathetic in his nature, courteous in his demeanor, devoted to this family, and true to his friends. But, above all, he was a Christian gentleman, regular in attendance on the Church services, and he let nothing stand in the way of his duty to God. His wife, who walked by his side through many years of happy married life, preceded him to the grave some six years ago. He is survived by three sons and three daughters.

EDWARD CARTER, ONE OF THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED.

Entered into the life eternal, at Carter Hall, Warrenton, Va., on October 3, 1928, Edward Carter, eldest son of Maj. Richard Henry Carter and Mary Welby DeButts, of Glen Welby, Va., at the age of eighty-five years.

Capt. Edward Carter was born at Glen Welby, August 19, 1843. He was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, but left there at the beginning of the War between the States and joined the 8th Virginia Infantry under Col. Eppa Hunton. He was in the battles of Ball's Bluff, the seven day's fighting around Richmond, second battle of Manassas, and Gettysburg; was in the immortal charge with the bravest of the brave of Pickett's Division, where he was severely wounded and left on the field with the dead. Later, he was found and taken to the hospital at Chester, Penn., then in prison at Fort McHenry, later Fort Delaware, from where he was sent with six hundred Confederate officers to Morris Island, S. C., and placed under fire of the Confederate guns. He was sent to the hospital at Fort Beaufort, S. C., from which place he was exchanged and returned to Virginia, reaching home just before the surrender.

Captain Carter came home on crutches and used them the remainder of his life. In September, 1867, he married Miss Jane Peter Turner, of Kinlock (daughter of Edward C. and Sarah Beverly Turner), who died about a year ago. He is survived by four children (Rebecca Welby, Mrs. William A. Stewart, Jr., of Baltimore, Mrs. Mary DeButts Foster and Mrs. Nina C. Heimerin), six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Captain Carter was Commander of Joe Kendall Camp Confederate Veterans. He was the highly esteemed cashier of the Fauquier National Bank, also a director. He was a vestryman of St. James Episcopal Church of Warrenton, Va.

Captain Carter came of a noble family, was a devoted husband, a loving father, a true friend and neighbor, and a man of the highest probity of character, greatly loved and universally admired and trusted by all who knew him in every walk of life. His exemplary Christian life was an inspiration to all with whom he was thrown in contact, a splendid example of the Virginia gentleman, unassuming and unselfish, given to an honest and faithful performance of every duty; he was content to live his life of faithfulness and trust and all of his life to walk humbly with his God.

[R. B.]

C. C. BUCHANAN.

C. C. Buchanan, of Waycross, Ga., answered to the final summons on the 2nd of November, dying at the age of eighty-seven years, from the effect of injuries sustained some ten days before.

Comrade Buchanan first enlisted for the Confederacy with the Savannah Volunteer Guards, and at the expiration of their time of enlistment, he joined Company G, 4th Georgia Cavalry and so served to the end, taking part in all the engagements of his command. He never received a wound, and never was absent from roll call but four days in the four years, and that was because of sickness.

Born in Laurens County, Ga., he had lived in Waycross for some forty years, and there was Commander of the South Georgia Camp, No. 819, U. C. V. for the past ten years. He was a local preacher for many years, and died widely regretted. He was a devoted husband and father, a noble citizen, and true friend. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, eleven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren, also a brother.

[T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant.]

FRANK F. WARD.

Frank F. Ward, born in Wadesborough, Ky., January 28, 1845, died on October 3, 1928, after a long illness, aged eighty-three years. He enlisted in the Confederate army under General Forrest, and the captain of his company was his brother, Rufus K. Ward. He was regularly discharged from the army after the surrender of General Lee and returned to his home. In July, 1873, he was married to Miss Lily Brown, formerly of Mississippi, and settled near Conyersville, Tenn. Twelve children were born to them, of whom four sons and two daughters survive him, also five grandchildren.

Comrade Ward joined the Methodist Church some forty years ago and remained a faithful member of the Church at Conyersville to his death. He was known throughout the whole country as an earnest Christian. He had long been a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., at Paris, Tenn., though prevented by illness from participating in its activities for some years.

He laid down the implements of war in 1865 and resumed the paths of peace, and after life's fitful journey, beset with numerous difficulties, he sleeps well.

[P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.]

JAMES K. P. PEAK.

James K. Polk Peak, who died at Spring City, Tenn., on November 8, at the age of eighty-four years, was a son of Gen. Luke Peak, one of Andrew Jackson's associates in the Indian Wars of Alabama and Georgia, who died at the beginning of the War between the States. The mother of James Peak lived to be one hundred and one years old, dying a few years ago.

The elder sons of this family (Thomas, James K. Polk, and William D. Peak, the latter not fifteen years of age) enlisted on June 1, 1861, in Captain Boggess's company, of which John M. Lillard was first lieutenant, both of these officers having served in the war with Mexico. The company became a part of the 26th Tennessee Infantry, of which Lieutenant Lillard was elected colonel. The regiment was sent to Bowling Green, Ky., and then was in the battle of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, where it sustained considerable loss, was surrendered, and went to prison. In August, 1862, the men were exchanged at Vicksburg and the command was reorganized, becoming a part of John C. Brown's Brigade. It served gallantly in the battle of Murfreesboro in December of that year. Later the brigade was in command of Colonel Lillard, and in the battle of Chickamauga that gallant leader received eighteen shrapnel wounds, and the regiment was literally mowed down.

In all the engagements of this command, James Peak and his brothers had their part, but in the reorganization of the army under Johnston at Dalton, Ga., the older and younger brother were sent to McKenzie's 5th Tennessee Cavalry. James Peak went through with the original command, in the Atlanta campaign, back to Franklin and Nashville, and back to Georgia and the Carolinas, under Johnston at Bentonville and to the end. Only one member of the company is now living, Thomas B. Neil, of Meigs County.

Returning home, Comrade Peake was married to Mrs. Jack McPherson, of one of the leading pioneer families of Meigs County. Most of his life was spent in farming, which he gave up when he located in Spring City several years ago. He was a good soldier, a splendid citizen, a fine man in every way.

A. M. WITCHER.

A. M. Witcher "passed over the river" at his home near Liberty Hill, November 19, 1928, and was buried in the Liberty Hill Cemetery. He was a native of Virginia, coming to Texas in 1859. He was a resident for several years of Burnet County, moving thence to Williamson County and settling near Liberty Hill. He was born in 1842, and was therefore in his eighty-seventh year. He was the father of eleven children, nine of them surviving him. His wife preceded him to the grave many years.

When War between the States was declared, he, like the true patriot he was, tendered his services to the Confederacy, enlisting in Company C, 16th Texas Cavalry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A.

Comrade Witcher served until the close of the war, and since that time has faithfully discharged every duty of a good man, a good citizen, and a true soldier of the cross, uniting with the Baptist Church at the early age of fourteen. He was a faithful and active member of Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1609, U. C. V., of which only four members now survive of the original Camp there of sixty members, only one of the veterans being able to attend the funeral services conducted at the Liberty Hill Baptist church.

[J. H. Faubion, Commander Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1609, U. C. V.]

BRIG. GEN. JOHN J. NEASON, U. C. V.

A great loss has come to the United Confederate Veterans in the passing of Gen. John J. Neason at his home in Jacksonville, Fla., on September 23, 1928, after several weeks of ill health.

Reared in Savannah, Ga., he enlisted in the Confederate army and served as captain of Company C, 10th Georgia Cavalry. His command was in Young's Brigade, M. C. Butler's Division, Hampton's Corps, of the Army of Northern Virginia. His last fight was at Bentonville, N. C. Captain Neason was provost marshal of Young's Brigade at the surrender of Johnston's army, and was a tried and true soldier of the South.

In recognition of his many virtues, and in honor of his memory, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Jacksonville, Fla., passed memorial resolutions expressing their sense of loss in the death of this beloved veteran of the Confederacy. [Natalie K. Warriner, Jacksonville, Fla.]

R. H. FULLER

One by one the members of W. L. Byrd Camp, No. 1545, U. C. V., at Ada, Okla., are answering the last roll call. The passing of Comrade R. H. Fuller recently takes another beloved comrade to the heavenly bivouac.

Fuller was a member of Company C, 4th Arkansas Infantry, of which McNair was the first colonel.

Comrade Fuller was eighty-three years old. He was a Christian, a member of the Methodist Church, and a loving husband and father. Worn out by the fatiguing labors of the day, he has retreated from the battle fields of life to take his well-earned rest in the silent peace of departed heroes.

We, his sorrowing comrades in arms and fellow citizens in time of peace, stand as sentinels to guard his memory until our own summons come. May a halo of glory surround him throughout eternity.

[Committee: J. C. Cates, chairman; W. B. Cantwell, M. A. Sells.]

L. N. BLOCK.

Death has again visited Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V., of Wynne, Ark., and taken our Comrade, L. N. Black, who answered to the last roll call on November 1, aged eighty-two years.

Comrade Black was born in August, 1846. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, and before he was sixteen years old he took part in the battle of Belmont and others with General Govan's Brigade. When discharged in 1862, he returned home and enlisted in Company B, McGee's Regiment of Cavalry, and was orderly sergeant of his company. He was on the raid with Gen. Sterling Price through Missouri in 1864. There are now only four members of the company left.

Comrade Black was married in 1866, and his wife survives him.

[W. P. Brown, Commander, Wynne, Ark.]

JOHN M. PRESTON.

On the 14th day of October, 1928, John Montgomery Preston, of Seven Mile Ford, Va., would have reached the goodly age of ninety years, but twenty days before that date, his Saviour came "to receive him unto himself," as he had promised, into that better land, where no sorrow is.

Captain Preston went into the Army of Virginia from the university, beginning with the Harper's Ferry raid, and served until wounded at Mine Run by a ball that passed through his thigh, shattering the bone. He was captain of Company B, of the 48th Virginia Regiment.

AN ELOQUENT EULOGY OF GENERAL LEE.

(Extract from an article in the *Montreal Telegraph* of 1864, reviewing the Federal campaign of that year. Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, of Muncie, Kans.)

So far, we repeat, the campaign has failed at all points. The Federal armies have been hurled to certain slaughter, with a cold-heartedness worse than devilish. No general ever exhibited so great an indifference to the lives of his soldiers as Grant. It is impossible to say that his army has not fought well and endured all the hardships, dangers, and labors of the campaign with heroism and docility.

They were directed by a butcher and opposed by the greatest general of his or any other age.

Posterity will rank General Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Tuerenne, above Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander or Cæsar. Careful of the lives of his men, fertile in resource, a profound tactician, gifted with the swift intuition which enables a commander to discern the purpose of his enemy, and the power of rapid combination which enables him to oppose to it a prompt resistance; modest, frugal, self-denying, void of arrogance or self-assertion; trusting nothing to chance; among men, noble as the noblest, in the lofty dignity of the Christian gentleman; among patriots, less self-seeking, and as pure as Washington; and among soldiers combining the religious simplicity of Havelock with the genius of Napoleon, the heroism of Bayard and Sidney, and the untiring, never-faltering duty of Washington.

If this great soldier had at his command the forces and material against which he is called on to contend, the superiority on land and the supremacy on water, in six months the whole of the Federal States would be prostrated at his feet. As it is, he has made his own name, and that of the Confederacy which he serves, immortal.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, *President General*
Chatham, Va.

MRS. OSCAR MCKENZIE, Montezuma, Ga. *First Vice President General*

MRS. R. F. BLANKENBURG. *Second Vice President General*
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MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2

MISS MARION SALLEY, Orangeburg, S. C. *Historian General*

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Registrar General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. JAMES E. WOODARD, Wilson, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennant*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Chesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

THE CONVENTION AT HOUSTON.

The big State of Texas has a habit of doing things in a big way, and no exception to that rule was the entertainment of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the thirty-fifth annual convention in the city of Houston, November 20-24. Everybody and everything in Texas seemed to coöperate in making the occasion most enjoyable, and the song, "Have you ever been to Texas in the spring?" promised no more delights than were provided at this autumn time in the hospitality of its people, in its bright sunshine and crisp yet balmy air, making up a welcome from the heart of Texas so that visitors felt they were indeed in the hands of friends.

The following brief report is but to give an outline of the convention proceedings, which will be taken up again in fuller detail as the editor may deem necessary.

The impressive service at Christ Church on Sunday before the convention was a special honor to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and an eloquent tribute to this great organization, the Confederate cause and its leaders was voiced by the rector, Rev. W. S. Allen, who spoke as though inspired.

Welcoming Evening came on Tuesday, the exercises being held at the City Auditorium, with the stage beautifully decorated in flags and flowers. Most impressive was the entrance of officials and honor guests, the long procession closed by the President General, preceded by the flag bearers holding aloft the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars. Mrs. J. C. Wilcox, general chairman, presided, charming all with her gracious personality. Speaking for the three Chapters of Houston—the Jefferson Davis, the Oran M. Roberts, and the Robert E. Lee—she gave a welcome unsurpassed, and introduced the speakers of the evening. For the city, Mayor Holcome expressed whole-hearted welcome; Judge Chester Bryan spoke for the State, representing Governor Moody; for the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, six thousand strong, welcome was given by Mrs. Forrest H. Farley, President of the Texas Division; and for the Houston Daughters, Mrs. J. C. Foster gave a beautiful welcome, which was read by Mrs. Wilcox most feelingly, and in which she told of the devotion of General Foster to this great organization and that his last service on earth was for the Daughters of the Confederacy. It will be remembered that General Foster, then Commander in Chief U. C. V., joined in inviting the Daughters to Houston, and he had begun the work of securing funds for their entertainment when called from his earthly activity. "His sweet spirit from the very gates of heaven will waft a welcome" was the close of the welcome from his companion of more than fifty years, and fell as a benediction over the assemblage.

Speaking for the United Confederate Veterans, Gen. A. T. Goodwyn, Commander in Chief, called upon his helpmeet of sixty years to read his speech, which she did most effectively. Judge Whit Boyd, of Houston, brought a welcome from the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Mrs. J. J. Quinn gave greetings from the patriotic associations.

These addresses were responded to in behalf of the U. D. C. by Mrs. Charles Lanier, of Connecticut, and then followed the presentation of the President General, the Honorary Presidents, Past Presidents General, and convention pages.

* * *

The business sessions were held in the auditorium of the Rice Hotel, official headquarters, and the opening session on Wednesday morning carried out the usual preliminaries. In the afternoon memorial services were held for those who had passed during the year. This was presided over by Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., and special memorials were to Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, Past President General, by Miss Marion Salley; to Mrs. R. Philip Holt, by Mrs. Walter F. Woodward; to Mrs. John W. Tench, by Mrs. Amos Norris; to Mrs. W. D. Mason, by Mrs. J. P. Higgins; to Miss Mildred Rutherford by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton; to Gen. J. C. Foster, by Miss Katie Daffan; Gen. Felix Robertson, by Miss Decca Lamar West; Gen. Edgar Taylor, by Mrs. William Roberts.

* * *

The President's report at the morning session and other official reports at the afternoon session brought out the great work of the organization, showing its many activities and progress made. The evening of Wednesday was given over to Division Presidents, whose reports of work undertaken and accomplished show no diminution of effort to carry on the great endeavor of the organization to establish the truth of Southern history, to educate the youth of the South, and to make more comfortable the last years of our Confederate veterans, who gave all and suffered all for the principles of liberty under righteous government.

* * *

On Thursday morning came the election of officers, in which nine old officers were unanimously reelected and two new names added to the staff, these being Mrs. Rudolph Frederick Blankenburg, of California, Second Vice President General; and Miss Marion Salley, of South Carolina, Historian General. Four names were added to the list of Honorary Presidents, these being: Mrs. Charles R. Hyde, of Tennessee; Mrs. J. C. Foster, Texas; Mrs. Mary Alexander Field, Connecticut; Miss Annie Wheeler, Alabama, daughter of Gen. Joe Wheeler. All were the unanimous choice of the convention.

The Thursday evening program featured the Historian General's work, and Mrs. Woodbury's address showed our Confederate history as "Our Heritage." She told of the general rule of ignoring the South and her great men in books which are being circulated in libraries, schools, and book-stores, and of the many false and inaccurate statements disseminated in that way. That the South must have her rightful place in history was her strong closing point.

The presentation of Crosses of Military Service followed the address, in which four Texans were thus honored, though only two of them could be present to receive them—Col. Isaac Seaborn Ashburn, of Houston, and Sergeant Eldridge Moore, of Austin, the latter being the first private to receive the Cross from the general organization. The Crosses for Senator Tom Connelly, of Marlin, and Col. B. B. Buck, of Fort Sam Houston, will be presented at the State convention in December.

A parade of the States closed the program, the representatives being in costume of "Auld Lang Syne," and many of these costumes had much of historic interest in addition to contributing to a colorful scene.

* * *

On Friday morning came the selection of a place of meeting for 1929, and the invitation of Biloxi, Miss., was accepted with enthusiasm. This invitation was presented by Mrs. B. S. Shinn, President of the Mississippi Division, strongly seconded by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Mississippi, who has done so much for the preservation of the old home of Jefferson Davis at Biloxi. It was at Beauvoir that his last years were spent, and there he wrote his history of the four years under the Confederate Government, and this old home in future years will be a shrine of Confederate sentiment.

* * *

Some of the committee reports were most gratifying in the showing of accomplishment. Especially so was the report by Mrs. Edwin Robinson that "Our Book," "Women of the South in War Times," had been so well taken up that only five hundred copies remained of the edition of ten thousand contracted for, and that in another year these could be placed easily with the proper coöperation of Divisions and Chapters not yet "over the top."

A resolution to present service crosses to veterans of the Spanish-American War of Confederate descent was passed by this convention, the selection of a design for this being placed in the hands of a committee, of which Mrs. Wallace Streater, of Washington, D. C., is chairman. This tribute to the Southern boys who gave their patriotic service in our first war following the sixties is a recognition of their valor justly deserved.

The proposition to buy the Stratford estate, the birthplace of Gen. R. E. Lee, was presented to the convention by Mrs. Charles Lanier, of Greenwich, Conn., and a committee, of which she is a member, was appointed to give the matter thorough consideration and report at the next convention.

The city of Montgomery, Ala., first capital of the Confederacy, has offered the U. D. C. a building in that city as a depository for its records and for its business meetings; and another offer came from Chattanooga of a valuable lot on one of the mountain developments, on which to build headquarters.

The convention closed at a late hour on Saturday evening, the last action being the installation of new officers.

* * *

The social entertainments were enjoyable and will be taken up next month, with the prize list of winners for 1928.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Kentucky.—The State convention of the Kentucky Division was held in Nicholasville, opening on the evening of October 16 with the President's dinner. The banquet room of the Christian church was beautifully decorated in Confederate colors. On the tables were silver vases filled with red and white dahlias and red and white tapers. Place cards, designed by Mrs. W. T. Fowler with toasts also written by her, were used. Mrs. Wolford Dean, President of the John Hunt Morgan Chapter, presided and in a most charming manner read a toast to each guest. After the dinner a business session was held.

On Wednesday morning the session opened with procession of the officers and pages. These pages, from the Alleen Young McCarty Chapter, C. of C., gave greetings in the form of a song written for the occasion by Mrs. McCarty. Cordial welcome was voiced by the heads of various organizations, while the mayor, in reality, presented Mrs. W. T. Fowler, State President, with two huge keys of the city.

The report of the State President showed that her year has been a busy one, with wonderful results. Two new Chapters organized, one at Eminence and one at LaGrange, and she had signed the papers of seventy-one new members. She stressed educational work and true history, and brought before the organization a list of worth-while books, both fiction and reference, that might well be reviewed at meetings. During the year she has come in contact with all parts of the State through district meetings.

All officers and chairmen of committees made excellent reports and showed that their work had been well taken care of.

The Quill Club Breakfast was held on Thursday morning at Glenwood Inn, with thirty-five in attendance.

Memorial Hour was presided over by Miss Mary Moore Davis, of Covington.

Each year the Division gives two beautiful trophies—a silver loving cup to the Chapter making the greatest increase in membership, and a medal to a C. of C. for historical work. The former went to the Lexington Chapter, while the latter was awarded to a member of the Cynthiana Children of the Confederacy.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Mrs. W. T. Fowler, Lexington; First Vice President, Mrs. George R. Mastin, Lexington; Second Vice President, Miss Nannie D. Clarke, Millarsburg; Third Vice President, Mrs. P. D. Davis, Earlington; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Annie Belle Fogg, Frankfort; Recording Secretary, Miss Frankie Reid, Hickman; Registrar, Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Lawrenceburg; Historian, Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville; Treasurer, Mrs. E. L. Bryan, Guthrie; Auditor, Mrs. John O. Street, Elkton; Custodian of Crosses, Miss Willie Lear, Nicholasville; Permanent Custodian of Records, Mrs. George T. Fuller, Mayfield; Chaplain, Mrs. A. C. Durham, Danville; Vice Chaplain, Mrs. Justus A. Price, Eminence; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. John H. Clelland, Lexington.

Historical Evening is always an interesting occasion, but has been outstanding since Kentucky has had the honor to claim the Historian General, Mrs. John L. Woodbury. Mrs. J. P. Bryan, Historian of the local Chapter, had charge of the historical program. She presented Mrs. Woodbury, who gave a most illuminating talk, "Kentucky in the War between the States." A quartet from Asbury College, Wilmore, rendered delightful music. Installation of the newly elected officers was in charge of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, former President General.

[Mrs. Josephine M. Turner, Louisville, Ky.]

Missouri.—The Confederate veterans annual reunion was held at the Confederate Home at Higginsville, on September 27. The veterans, wives, and widows were guests of Superintendent and Mrs. F. H. Chambers and the Confederate Home Board. The meeting was called to order by Gen. Charles C. Harvey, of St. Louis, Commander of Missouri Division. The same officers were elected for the ensuing year.

At the noon hour a delicious chicken dinner was served. Music for the day was furnished by four of the "girls" from the Home dressed in costumes of the sixties. The meeting adjourned to meet at the Confederate Home in 1929.

In the afternoon Memorial Park was dedicated to the valor of the Confederate soldiers. This park is located directly south of the main avenue. This ninety-two acres is ideal, with seven beautiful lakes, trees, shrubs, winding drives, and flowers. Before this park was begun the land was almost unsightly, but now, a veritable "Garden of Eden." People came for miles to witness this dedication ceremony, and at sundown many were heard to say: "We have come to the end of a perfect day."

The thirty-first annual convention of Missouri Division, U. D. C., was held at the School of the Ozarks, Hollister, Mo., October 17-19, with the School of the Ozarks as hostess. The charming hospitality of this school and President and Mrs. R. M. Good will long be treasured in the hearts of every Missouri Daughter.

The convention was called to order by the President, Mrs. Charles B. Faris, on the morning of October 18, and reports of important committees were given.

Memorial Hour on Thursday afternoon was conducted by Mrs. W. B. Gibson, of Blackwater, and loving tributes paid the following: Gen. A. A. Pearson, Division Commander for Missouri; Mrs. J. Le Roy Smith, Historian, U. D. C.; and Mrs. Childress, President of the Chapter at Troy, Mo.

On Friday morning the election of officers for the ensuing year was held as follows: Mrs. C. B. Faris, St. Louis, President; Mrs. George Longan, Sedalia, First Vice President; Mrs. John C. Stone, Kansas City, Second Vice President; Mrs. A. J. Harrington, Webb City, Third Vice President; Mrs. Earl Billings, Kansas City, Treasurer; Mrs. L. A. Berry, Independence, Recording Secretary; Miss Nancy Warner, St. Louis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. E. Genser, Higginsville, CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Press; Miss Mary R. Ellis, Kansas City, Historian; Mrs. Robert Reynolds, Marshall, Chaplain; Mrs. Murry Dyer, Mexico, Recorder of Crosses.

The social functions for the delegates seemed all the more delightful in comparison with the sterner details of the convention.

On Wednesday night the convention opened with a banquet in Stevenson Hall, with Mrs. R. M. Good presiding. Greetings were extended by Mr. Rex Clark, Mayor of Hollister. A delicious five-course dinner was prepared and served by the girls of the school.

On Wednesday afternoon the delegates and State officers were given a boat ride up Lake Taneycomo. The scenes up this beautiful lake are not to be described.

On Thursday afternoon the citizens of Branson and Hollister took the delegates sight-seeing through the mountains and up Presbyterian Hill.

After the convention closed on Friday the boys and girls of the school paid a tribute to the Daughters, and every member of the Missouri Division left the "School of the Ozarks" feeling that investments in the work of this school pay splendid dividends in Christian character.

[Mrs. H. E. Genser, Editor.]

North Carolina.—The thirty-second annual convention of the North Carolina Division met in Greensboro, October 9-12, and was an unusually well-attended and interesting meeting. The Guilford Chapter, for the third time, was hostess to the Division, and, as before, provided many delightful social features.

Outstanding was the address of our President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, who reviewed the recent work of the general organization, giving high praise to the North Carolina Division for its part.

The annual report of the Division President showed that North Carolina has maintained its standard in accomplishments during the past year. A rising vote of appreciation was given by the convention to Mrs. Woodard after the reading of her report, and many rose to express praise of her administration. Reports of other officers presented a comprehensive review of the entire work of the Division, all showing progress along every line of endeavor. First in the thoughts of the Daughters is care of the veterans and women of the sixties, and constant attention has been given to the two Homes.

The Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund has been over-subscribed, as well as the Tubercular Sanatorium bed fund. Several special objects were reported as being completed. The special educational endowment fund of \$3,000 has been finished, making for the Division three endowed scholarships, besides twenty-three other gift scholarships for descendants of Confederate veterans. One of these endowments was the gift of \$3,000 by Mrs. S. D. Craige in memory of her father, the late P. H. Hanes, of Winston-Salem.

The Memorial Chapel at the Confederate Women's Home at Fayetteville is entirely subscribed for, another gift from Mrs. Craige of \$1,000 being the final accomplishment of this work. The restoration of the grave of Gen. James Johnston Pettigrew and the placing of an iron fence with memorial tablet around the burial plot has been accomplished.

Four new Chapters have been organized at High Point, Wagram, Boone, and Plymouth, and the Chapter at Lincoln reorganized. New registrations show four hundred and eighty members.

The chief feature of Memorial Hour was a beautiful tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. R. P. Holt, a beloved President of the North Carolina Division. On Historical evening a most delightful address was given by Rev. A. S. Wilcox on "What the Women of the South Contributed to the Confederacy." This was introduced by Southern songs and a reading, "The Making of the Stars and Bars." A very impressive feature of this Historical Evening was the awarding of the Cross of Service to two of North Carolina's distinguished World War soldiers, General Faison and Admiral Scales. Children's Evening was made most delightful by the High Point Chapter C. of C., who gave a charming program of Confederate songs, readings, and dances. This was followed by the presentation of prizes for finest reports and essays by the children of the Division.

While welcoming the new President, Mrs. E. L. McKee, of Sylva, it is with genuine sorrow that the North Carolina Daughters are giving up Mrs. Woodard. Her fine administration has been marked by great harmony and increased interest throughout the Division. Mrs. Woodard has freely given of herself, her time, and her life to the promotion of the objects of the organization, and her real sincerity and splendid womanhood have greatly endeared her to the Daughters of the North Carolina Division.

[Mrs. John H. Anderson, Editor.]

Ohio.—The Ohio Division held its twenty-seventh annual convention, October 10–11, in Cincinnati, the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter acting as hostess. The most outstanding and notable of reports made by Division officers, chairmen, and special committees was that of Mrs. M. W. Crocker, chairman of the Committee of Dedication of the Robert E. Lee Marker, unveiled on October 9 on the Dixie Highway, near Franklin, Ohio. This achievement, the dream of our Division President, Mrs. Porter, was beautifully planned and executed. It was perfect in every detail, as was the golden day and the setting. Before the closing of the morning session, the Division was delighted to welcome Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General; the first time a general officer has honored us with her presence at a convention.

Reports of the Chapter Presidents were heard at the afternoon session, after which the Division elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter (third term); Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles St. J. Chubb; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fred A. White; Registrar, Mrs. Walter H. Scott; Historian-Custodian, Mrs. E. Lee Hawes.

The beautiful Installation Ceremony was then conducted by Mrs. Juliet H. Preston, as Mistress of Ceremonies, who gave a most impressive address to the newly-elected officers, emphasizing loyalty of members to officers and responsibility of officers to members.

A wonderful Southern dinner was followed by a most interesting program, Mrs. J. B. Doane acting as toastmistress. Mr. C. Adair Harrell, Assistant City Manager, welcomed the convention in behalf of the city of Cincinnati. An ardent Southerner, Mr. Harrell made a deep impression upon his audience by his statement that the New South, in its tendency toward commercialism, must look to the Daughters of the Confederacy to preserve for it and remind it, in various ways, of the idealism of the Old South, for we are the custodians of a civilization that has gone irrevocably from us, and it is we who must keep its beautiful memories forever green.

Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, Division President, responded delightfully in behalf of the appreciative visitors from Ohio. Mrs. Lowell H. Hobart, National Presidential Candidate of the D. A. R., was called upon for a toast as grandmother of "The Youngest Daughter of the Ohio Division," just three days old; Mrs. John L. Shearer responded charmingly as "The Wanderer," and expressed the delight she felt at coming back to her friends in her adopted State. Miss Mary Hukill, in lovely voice, and dressed in the quaintest "befo' de wah" costume, sang a group of old Southern songs. Mr. Stonewall Jackson Beauregard Macklin, the composer of one of them, "I'm Going Back to Dixie Right To-Night," was present at the dinner and was introduced amid much applause. Mrs. Doane then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. John L. Woodbury, who recounted the wonderful development and scope of the office of the Historian General.

The morning session of the 11th was occupied by the discussion and acceptance of the newly-revised Constitution; the Nominating Committee for the officers to be presented in the 1929 convention was elected; and Honorary Membership to the Ohio Division was conferred upon "Aunt Mary" McNeil, widow of a Confederate soldier, and the beloved charge of the Ohio Division; Mr. and Mrs. Berry A. Brown, and Miss Rose Herget, of Franklin, Ohio, who so devotedly and untiringly assisted the Lee Memorial Committee. Miss Herget, who lives just across the Dixie Highway from where the Marker is placed, has asked the privilege and honor of perpetually keeping fresh flowers beside it. A Northerner, she, too, loves and reveres the memory of General Lee.

[Mrs. Charles Chubb, Editor.]

Virginia.—Mrs. William Allen Roberts, of Chase City, was again elected to head the Virginia Division, which met in annual session in Alexandria, October 2–5. The meeting was marked by the utmost harmony, and business was dispatched quickly under the guiding hand of Mrs. Roberts.

Reports made by the various officers were encouraging and showed that the Chapters are endeavoring to carry on the work of the organization. The supreme work of the Virginia Division is the relief work, which is under the supervision of Mrs. A. C. Ford, who was appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Randolph, who had carried on this work for so many years. Mrs. Ford's report showed that the Chapters throughout the Division had co-operated in this work. The work of the Children of the Confederacy was emphasized and an attractive program was given when this work was presented. Mrs. John H. Davis, of Lynchburg, was elected to lead the Children for the next year.

The Historical Evening was one long to be remembered. It was held in the old Presbyterian meeting house. Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond, gave a brilliant address on the "Background of the Lees." Crosses of service were presented to Dr. Stuart McGuire, to Maj. Greenlee Letcher, of Lexington, who was in command of the Rockbridge Artillery. Major Letcher is the son of the famous war governor of Virginia.

One of the outstanding features of the evening was the offering of a prize on a historical subject in honor of Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, mother of Mrs. Roberts, President of the Division. This was done by Mr. Wallace Streater, who takes an active interest in the work of the Daughters.

The convention was quite largely attended by visitors as well as delegates from the various Chapters throughout the State. The next meeting will be held in Wytheville.

[Mrs. Anne V. Mann, Editor.]

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MISS MARION SALLEY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1928.

U. D. C. Topics for December.

Our Confederate Organizations.

C. of C. Program for December.

Make a study of the city of Chattanooga, Tenn.; tell where located who founded it, who named it, and why so named; its connection with the history of the Confederacy; its population and principal industries in the sixties and now; what distinguished people were born there. Give a little story about it, either history or tradition, at any period of its history.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....*President General*
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MRS. J. T. HIGHT.....*Treasurer General*
Fayetteville, Ark.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
Athens, Ga.
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
College Park, Ga.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate General*
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
Montgomery, Ala.
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
Mathews, Va.
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY.....*National Organizer*
Atlanta, Ga.



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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
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VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. D. D. Geiger

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to MRS. TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, *Editor*, Gainesville, Fla.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Coworkers: Again the cycle of time swings round to the happy Christmas season, when a *Te Deum* of praise rises from all Christian hearts, and the glad refrain swells out in acclaim, "Unto you a child is born, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." In grateful remembrance, ours is the gracious privilege of scattering the sunshine of peace and joy and with unselfish love to brighten and bless the lives of those less fortunate than our own. May no shadow of sorrow cross the threshold and only the blessings of an all-wise Providence crown your day with unspeakable happiness. Ring out the glad refrain, "Lo, the Prince of Peace is come," with "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

With deepest appreciation of all your splendid efforts put forth in the advancement of our sacred cause, and with a loving message from the heart for each of you, I am as ever, your faithful and devoted President General.

* * *

The President General has appointed Mrs. William F. Williams, of Atlanta, as a member of the local advisory board of the C. S. M. A. Mrs. Williams comes of a distinguished Kentucky family, her father, Gen. Sam Davis Blackburn, of Bowling Green, an outstanding figure in both the civic affairs of his State as well as having served with distinction as a soldier of the sixties. Since early childhood, Mrs. Williams has continuously given her services to the work of the Memorial Association, and is First Vice President of the Atlanta Ladies' Memorial Association. A loyal friend, true to every trust, intensely patriotic, she will give the best of service.

* * *

As your representative, many invitations have been received to participate in occasions of deep significance, which would have proved of unusual charm and pleasure, but which could not be accepted because health would not allow. Foremost the invitation to be your representative as a guest of honor at the general convention, U. D. C., in Houston, Tex., which the remembrance of a most delightful stay in Charleston the past year made very hard to put aside, especially since the courtesy was extended through the gracious charm and cordiality of our loved and admired friend, and President General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant.

The many friends of Mrs. D. D. Geiger, President of the Memorial Association of Huntington and State President of West Virginia, rejoice in her convalescence from a recent serious illness, and hope soon to know of her being in her accustomed place in the many patriotic organizations to which she gives such loyal support and service.

* * *

One of the happiest occasions of the year was the meeting of the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in Atlanta, entertained by old-time friends of the Fulton Chapter. Being in my home town, it seemed like going back home after an absence. The call came to take up the work as President General, C. S. M. A., at the time when serving as First Vice President of the Georgia Division for four years. Having accepted, this year, chairmanship of Memorials under Mrs. Trox Bankston, a long-time friend, privilege was given of paying honor and tribute in the Memorial Hour to our beloved Historian General, Mildred Lewis Rutherford, whose passing leaves our C. S. M. A. bereft indeed. The presence of our honored and beloved President General, U. D. C., Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, and First Vice President General, Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, gave added brilliance and charm to the convention as well as opportunity of renewing old friendships and forming new ones, as well as inspiration to more faithful and better service, and a linking together of ties that strengthened the chain of Southern patriotism. Let's be true to the cause whenever duty calls.

He serves best who loves most.

* * *

The lure of dear old Beauvoir, so filled with memories and traditions of the past, linking our destinies with the life of the last and only President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, the vicarious sufferer for the South, came back afresh on the occasion of the dedication of the Memorial Room to Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," a fulfillment of the dream of Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, who worked long and tirelessly for its realization. A love for the cause less devoted could never have overcome the many obstacles, and Mrs. Kimbrough is to be congratulated upon her success. Inability to the present was sincerely regretted, and a lost pleasure.

MARGARET A. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS AND FINE SENTIMENT.

From Homer T. Green, of Minneapolis, Minn.:

"In the September VETERAN appears "Lights and Shadows of May Time," giving a few extracts from letters received by me from my cousin, Mrs. Wirt Johnson Carrington, of South Boston, Va. We had been in correspondence for several years until her death in July last, at the age of eighty-two, the result of an accident. Early in our correspondence, we agreed that we would continue it until she became a hundred years old. I believe we could have carried out this agreement had it not been for the accident that befell her. Her mother lived to be ninety-five and a cousin, my grandmother, to be ninety-nine. One only of her brothers and sisters remains, John N. Johnson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., commanding the Eastern Department of Forrest's Cavalry, who joined John Morgan's command at the age of seventeen and, after that command was captured, he with others joined General Forrest. One sister married General Imboden after he returned from the war.

"A peculiar thing in connection with my memory of the War between the States is that the names of General Beauregard, Captain Imboden, who commanded a battery under Stonewall Jackson at Bull Run, Colonel Mosby, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who claimed to Mrs. Carrington that he was a relative, impressed themselves upon my mind more vividly than other commanders in the Confederate army. How can it be accounted for, mental telepathy or what?

"My father's name was Israil Chew Green. The first man to reach John Brown in his stronghold at Harper's Ferry was Lieutenant Israel Green. Strange coincidence! My grandmother Green's maiden name was Mary Jackson. Her family came from North Carolina to Virginia, where she married my grandfather Green and they moved to Clinton County, Ohio, and there reared a large family of boys and one girl. Very little is known of my grandparent Green's immediate family. My mother's maiden name was Rachel Moorman. She was named Rachel at the request of her grandfather, Thomas Moorman, in honor of his mother Rachel, his cousin, Rachel Moorman Butterworth, aunt of Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio, and his cousin, Rachel Moorman Goggin, whose daughter Pamela married Samuel Clemmons. This son, John L., was father of Sam L. Clemmons (Mark Twain).

"The Moorman family is traced back to 1607, several of whom accompanied Lord Ashly to South Carolina and thence worked their way to Bedford, Halifax, and Clark counties in Virginia. My grandparents Moorman came from Lynchburg, Va., to Ohio at an early date. One Micajah Moorman was one of the trustees of Lynchburg at its organization. His daughter Mary married John Lynch, founder of Lynchburg, and their daughter Zerilda married into the Davis family from which Jefferson Davis sprang.

"John Lynch was a relative of Colonel Charles Lynch, who, with Bob Adams (a relation of the Moorman family) constituted themselves a court during the Revolutionary war and with a fallen tree trunk as a judge's bench tried and executed several who were there convicted of treason to the newly formed government. From this the name "Lynch Law" originated.

"The Butterworth house at Butterworth Station, Ohio, and my grandfathers house at Jamestown were stations on the 'Underground Railroad,' through which many slaves reached freedom in Canada. My sister, who visited the Butterworth home a few years ago, in describing it in a letter to me, had this to say: 'We went to a room where run-a-way slaves used

to be hidden (the Butterworth house was one of the stations on the Underground Railroad). The floor is of cement as hard as rock. One side of the thick wall is against the hill. . . .

"I never tire of reading stories of the Southland. Thomas Nelson Page's stories fascinate me and Mrs. Carrington's letters overran with delightful stories of ante bellum days. I should dearly have loved living during those days."

"In the words of the poem 'Reunion,' on the first page of the September number—

"May the North and South, each chastened in her turn,
From the past, a lesson of forbearance learn'

and in unity proceed to make this, the greatest country on earth, greater still."

IN GRATEFUL SPIRIT.

No one on this 1928 Thanksgiving Day should feel more thankful than the "Guests" at the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Pikesville, Md. The dinner was indeed a dream, and a most substantial one at that. The table was not only beautifully, but also artistically decorated with colored panels, flowers, and other devices to add to the effect that only the hand of a cultured woman knows how to give. The turkeys were perfectly cooked, countless vegetables grown on the premises were served, also home-made pumpkin pie, which carried one back to the good old days, "befo' de war," and a treasury note, fruit, candy, etc., were at each man's plate to enjoy at his leisure. Most of these luxuries were donated by the ladies of St. Mark's on the Hill, and it warms the heart of a Confederate veteran to know that there are still generous people who remember that these old men, now feeble and near their graves, once gave the best of their youth and strength and fought for a righteous cause. No praise is too great to extend to Captain Tunis for the ability he has displayed in the management of this Home, and especially for his excellent judgment in selecting his assistants who, working with him, have made this Home a home indeed.—*Hobart Ainsmith, Baltimore, Md.*

THE LAST BATTLE, WON BY WOMEN.—The following amusing incident was copied from a paper by the late Capt. John H. Martin, of Hawkinsville, Ga., in which he said:

"The last guns of the Confederacy had been fired on the battle fields and the Confederate military organizations had disbanded, when the heartless despot in command of New Orleans issued an infamous order that prayers must be said in all the churches for Abraham Lincoln. Into St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which had only ladies attending services, strode one of the satrap's subaltern officers with an imperious step and strut, handed the order to the minister, and, in a pompous, insulting manner, turned and ordered prayers for Lincoln. Like a flash of lightning, impelled by the same heroic impulse, every woman in the house, spontaneously and instantly, without a word, assailed the officer with hat pins, parasols, and everything at their command. The cowardly cur beat a hasty retreat and reported to his superior officer that if any further orders for prayers for Lincoln were to be served on the women of New Orleans, another must be found who was fool enough to undertake the serving, for he had had enough and had thrown up the job. This might be aptly termed the last battle of the Confederacy, and while the last fought by the men was not a success, the last one fought by the noble, grand, brave women of New Orleans in defense of honor and all that was true and pure and patriotic was a conspicuous success."—*Contributed by Miss Lena Felker, of O. C. Horne Chapter, U. D. C., Hawkinsville, Ga.*

Sons of Confederate Veterans

EDMOND R. WILES, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

GENERAL ACTIVITIES.

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS, DIVISIONS, BRIGADES AND CAMPS,
 S. C. V.

I feel that you should know something of my activities in the interest of the Sons' organization since my election as Commander in Chief at the Little Rock reunion last May.

In accepting so great an honor from my comrades, I felt that I could not do so without assuming at the same time a responsibility.

Believing that great good would result from personal visits of the Commander in Chief to the various State reunions of Veterans and Sons, I have visited, I am glad to be able to say, every one held in the South except the Virginia reunion, which came too soon after the close of the general reunion in Little Rock, of which I was general chairman, for me to get away. State reunions visited were: Oklahoma State reunion in June at Tulsa; Texas State reunion at Tyler, October 3-5; Arkansas State reunion at Little Rock, October 9-10; Florida State reunion at Jacksonville, October 10-12; Mississippi State reunion at Winona, October 23-25; making five in all.

Arrangements were made for raising the pledge to the Manassas Battle Field Fund of Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas during my attendance, and the balance of Florida's pledge, \$114, was raised in cash and sent in.

The matter of increasing pensions for veterans was stressed in every address delivered before the joint bodies, with the result that Florida will increase her pensions \$10 per month, to \$50 when the legislature meets; and steps are being taken in Mississippi, Texas, and Oklahoma to increase the pension in those States at once.

Great interest was manifested in the Sons' meetings, and a large increase in membership can be expected this year from all indications. The future existence of our organization depends on what we are able to show this year in the way of a material increase along this line. *Don't fail* to call your Camps together and go to work in earnest for new members, and renewal of old.

I confidently expect to be able to announce soon that the obligation on Manassas has been discharged and that the

Sons of Confederate Veterans are in full possession of this historical battle ground. Cordially and sincerely,

EDMOND R. WILES, *Commander in Chief, S. C. V.*

HISTORIAN IN CHIEF.

Owing to the death of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, on June 26, 1928, who was reelected Historian in Chief, at the convention in Little Rock, Ark., the Commander in Chief has appointed Dr. Hamilton James Eckenrode, of Richmond, Va., as Historian in Chief, to rank as such from June 26, 1928, to fill the vacancy.

Dr. Eckenrode is a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, S. C. V., of Richmond, and, for the information of the members throughout the Confederation, the following record of Dr. Eckenrode is taken from "Who's Who in America," 1928-1929:

"Hamilton, James Eckenrode, Author, Editor, b. Fredericksburg, Virginia, April 30, 1881, son of John Hamilton and Mary Elizabeth (Myer) Eckenrode. Ed.—Ph.D. Johns Hopkins Univ., 1905, unmarried; Virginia State Archivist, 1907-18; Prof. Economics, Univ. of Richmond, 1914-16; Appointed State Historian of Virginia, 1927; Member American Historical Ass'n; Va. Historical Soc.; Southern Historical Soc. (Sec.); Presbyterian. Clubs: Westmoreland, Country of Va. Author: *History of Virginia During the Reconstruction*, 1905; *Separation of Church and State in Virginia*, 1911; *The Revolution in Virginia*, 1916; *Life of Nathan B. Forrest*, 1918; *Told in Story* (Textbook) 1922; *Jefferson Davis*, 1923. Compiler of lists of the Colonial and Revolutionary Soldiers of Virginia; Editorial Writer; Editor *Southern Historical Soc. papers*, Vol. 43 to 45. Home: Westmoreland Club, Richmond, Va. Address: *State Office Building*, Richmond, Va."

In making the appointment, the Commander in Chief, Edmond R. Wiles, requests that the Historians of the Divisions and Camps coöperate with the Historian in Chief, in all historical matters, and they are urged "to aid and encourage the record and teaching, with impartiality, all Southern history and achievements from Jamestown to this present era, seeing to it especially that the events of the War between the States are authentically and clearly written."

COMMANDER OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION, S. C. V.

A great loss has been sustained by the S. C. V. in the death of John Adams Lee, of Chicago, Ill., Commander of the Central Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which occurred on October 10. He was born at Flemingsburg, Ky., in 1851, and thus was too young to take any part in the grim struggle of war, but he was early imbued with a deep love for the Confederacy and a firm conviction of the righteousness of its cause, and that faith remained with him through life. In his early years he was ordained a minister of the Christian Church, and though his life was directed into other pursuits, he often served as minister where needed and without remuneration. His was a life of wide variety, his activities covering the fields of statesmanship, the ministry, business, journalism, and patriotism.



JOHN A. LEE

In the work of the Sons of Confederate Veterans he found a most congenial field, and upon the organization of the Camp in Chicago, he was made Commander of the Central Division, comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. With him, in this work so dear to his heart, walked his wife, Virginia Gathright Lee, Honorary Life President of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., whose congenial companionship was ever an inspiration in his highest endeavor. To her and to the children of their union the sympathy of our organization goes out in deepest measure.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The term of office of J. D. Paul, Commander of the North Carolina Division, having expired, a vacancy exists in the position of commanding officer.

Comrade Henry M. London, of Raleigh, has been appointed Commander of this Division until its next annual reunion. He will at once appoint his official staff and brigade commanders, pursuant to Article X, Sections 3 and 8 of the General Constitution, and inaugurate a campaign for the organization of new Camps and the reorganization of inactive Camps, and make report thereof to General Headquarters.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

W. T. Riley, Sr., Commander Mississippi Division, announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of his staff and Brigade Commanders to assist him in said work: Adjutant and Chief of Staff, John M. Witt, Tupelo; Inspector J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Judge Advocate, Rucks Yerger, Gulf Port; Commissary, R. A. Pullen, Aberdeen; Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville; Historian, Dunbar Rowland, Jackson.

First Brigade, Dr. W. H. Anderson, Boonville; Second Brigade, C. B. Cameron, Meridian; Third Brigade, Walter M. Lampton, Magnolia; Fourth Brigade, M. T. Bynum, Jackson.

Commander Riley requests that a systematic campaign be launched by each individual Camp for the purpose of in-

creasing its membership. Each Camp will prepare and send to Division Headquarters, not later than December 31, 1928, a full and complete roster of officers and members paying their dues for 1929, together with the per capita tax to National Headquarters, which is \$1 for old members and \$2 for new.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Charles T. Norman, Commander Virginia Division, announces the election of the following Brigade Commanders for the year 1928-29: First Brigade, John T. Kevill, Portsmouth; Second Brigade, David L. Pulliam, Richmond; Third Brigade, Robert H. Angell, Roanoke; Fourth Brigade, J. Edward Beale, Remington; Fifth Brigade, Commander Charles S. Roller, Fort Defiance.

By unanimous vote of the convention, the Legislative Committee, consisting, of the hereinafter members, was continued for the year 1928-29: Robert S. Hudgins, chairman, Richmond; Hon. Morgan R. Mills, Richmond; Walter L. Hopkins, Richmond; W. McDonald Lee, Richmond; W. W. Old, Norfolk; John Saul, Salem; Col. Heirome L. Opie, Staunton; Hon. Homer Richey, Charlottesville.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Commander Ed. S. Carver announces that the following members will constitute the staff of the Texas Division for the current year: Adjutant, H. M. Kinard, Orange; Assistant Adjutant, L. C. Lawson, Austin; Color Bearer, Capt. Royal G. Phillips, Tyler; Assistant Color Bearer, Thomas B. Lewis, Houston; Surgeon, Dr. E. R. Walker, Ballinger; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. W. W. Bouldin, Bay City; Historian, C. E. Gilbert, Houston; Assistant Historian, Dr. J. B. Thomas, Sulphur Springs; Chaplain, Rev. W. N. Claybrook, Tyler; Assistant Chaplain, Raymond Robbins, Athens; Quartermaster, Barney A. Garrett, Waco; Assistant Quartermaster, L. M. Liles, Marlin; Judge Advocate, Judge W. H. Reid, Dallas; Assistant Judge Advocate, B. W. George, Corsicana; Inspector, Fred White, Port Arthur; Assistant Inspector, A. W. Barfoot, Lamesa; Commissary, J. B. Stephenson, Dallas; Assistant Commissary, R. N. Wade, Mineola.

CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Camp Roger Q. Mills, of Corsicana, Tex., was organized on October 4, 1928, with thirty members. The officers are: Commander, Charles H. Mills; First Lieutenant Commander, C. L. Jester; Second Lieutenant Commander, William J. Rochelle; Adjutant, Frank Lemon; Treasurer, Alton N. Justiss; Quartermaster, C. G. Davidson; Judge Advocate, B. W. George; Surgeon, W. W. Carter; Historian, L. A. Wortham; Color Sergeant, L. W. Ashmore; Chaplain, Ed M. Polk, Sr.

Camp Howdy Martin, of Athens, Tex., organized October 6, 1928, has fourteen members. The officers are: Commander, W. R. Bishop; First Lieutenant Commander, Dr. A. H. Easterling; Second Lieutenant Commander, A. S. Robbins; Adjutant, D. M. Dickerson; Judge Advocate, J. J. Faulk; Quartermaster, W. D. Justice; Treasurer, S. R. Hawkins; Surgeon, J. K. Webster; Historian, R. L. Chalmers; Color Sergeant, J. C. Carroll; Chaplain, Raymond Robbins.

Camp Governor Henry T. Allen, of Shreveport, La., was organized October 29, 1928. The officers are: Commander, R. Colbert; First Lieutenant Commander, Robert E. Hunter; Second Lieutenant Commander, H. S. Potts; Adjutant, J. B. Morgan; Treasurer, P. C. Willis; Quartermaster, O. L. Baggett; Judge Advocate, Hon. Fred M. Odom; Surgeon, Dr. Rudolph E. Lea; Historian, J. Fair Harden; Color Sergeant, Aubrey M. Pyburn; Chaplain, Dr. R. E. Goodrich.

THE SOUTH IN AMERICAN LIFE AND HISTORY.

A work of surpassing interest and value is the volume on "The South in American Life and History," prepared by Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Nashville Chapters, U. D. C. It has been strongly indorsed by the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., and high praise and commendation have come to the author from many sources. The dedication of the book presents its theme and motif with great force, as follows:

"To the civilization of the Southland, with the view of presenting the truth of its history, its part in building up our great nation, the United States of America; the motives directing its political movements; its defense of the ideals and principles upon which its government was founded; the brilliant achievements of its armies and navy; the magnificent work of its statesmen and leaders, with special emphasis upon the outstanding examples—George Washington, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee."

The following quotations from some of the many letters which come to the author's desk daily will give an idea of its reception:

"I have persued with pleasure and profit your recent work on 'The South.' It has many things to commend it, not only to the South, but the nation as well. Your plan is admirable, showing as you do, the part played by our section in establishing these United States. Worthy of special mention are your discussions of slavery, State rights, and religious freedom, and your descriptions of the battles and campaigns of the War between the States. No historian has done that better. A careful reading should be given to your chapter on 'The Confederate Navy,' about which so little is known."—*Judge Joseph Higgins, Nashville, Tenn.*

"It is an invaluable addition to my library. I would not part with it. I congratulate you on this splendid literary achievement, so worthy a contribution to Southern literature and history."—*Mrs. McKenzie, First Vice President general, U. D. C., Monteama, Ga.*

"Your style is wonderful for clearness and vigor. I shall be pleased to recommend the history for general study. In fact, Mrs. Selph, I think it would be profitable if the general organization would adopt it for historical study. It is already so well arranged for study and it gives in concise form the most salient facts of our history."—*Mrs. George Hughes, President Arkansas Division, U. D. C., Benton, Ark.*

"I am enjoying the history. My father was one of those brave soldiers, and he was also a great teacher. Reading the story as you have written it, brings it clearer to my mind than anything I have had since he taught it to me."—*Mrs. Haskell Rightor, Sr., Nashville, Tenn.*

With such commendation, the book should have a place in every home of the country, in libraries, schools, that the truth of Southern history may have its full circulation. A splendid gift for Christmas.

Send orders to Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, 5007 Michigan Avenue, Nashville, Tenn. Price, postpaid, \$2.20.

THE GLORIOUS CONFEDERATE LADIES.—A City Point correspondent of the *New York Herald* says: "Here, as everywhere else that my observation has extended, the women of the South are our most uncompromising foes. The intensity of their hatred is really appalling."—*From a scrapbook compiled during and immediately after the War between the States. Contributed by Charles B. Mumford, Muncie, Kans.*

SURE-FOOTED CONFEDERATE MULES.

SOME years ago a Confederate soldier told me the story of how he saved his wagon from the Yanks.

He said he was with Johnston on the retreat from Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, Tenn. He was a teamster. When their wagon train got to the Tennessee River, their army, except the wagons, had all got across. They had been there but a short time when the Yankee cavalry made a dash on them and caused a wild scatterment of wagons and teams such as he had never seen before. When the cavalry struck them, he was going straight toward the railroad bridge. He whipped up and drove his four mules as hard as he could drive.

He was not thinking that the bridge had no floor. He was for getting across the river. As it happened, there was a 2x12 plank spiked down on each side of the rails clear across the bridge.

When the mules came to the bridge they never hesitated for an instant. The two lead mules struck the boards between the rails with the two wheel mules following. The wheels of the wagon were just the width of the track and kept on the planks.

When the teamster saw what he had got onto, he did not know what to do, he was so frightened. But he held his breath and kept going, with the river yawning 100 feet or more below him and no chance to escape death if the mules got off the narrow planks. The sure-footed mules kept straight as a line, however, and came out on the other side safe and sound.

When he drove up to where the army was, he found they had been breathlessly watching the thrilling drive, and such cheering greeted him as was never given another. An officer got in the wagon and had him to drive out to where their camps were, and there the officers gave him a great ovation.

But he said it was not he that deserved the credit. It was the blamed mules. They took the bits in their mouths and the lead mules just naturally took charge of things. His was the only wagon and team of that big train that was saved.—*C. M. Eldridge, Company G, 3rd Tennessee Cavalry U. S. A., Denison, Tex., in National Tribune.*

SETTLEMENT AND ADMISSION OF STATES.

FROM A CLIPPING OF THE BALTIMORE SUN, JANUARY, 1863.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor of research is often saved by such a table as the following:

- 1607, Virginia was first settled by the English.
- 1614, New York was first settled by the Dutch.
- 1620, Massachusetts was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1623, New Hampshire was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1624, New Jersey was first settled by the Dutch.
- 1627, Delaware was first settled by the Swedes and Finns.
- 1635, Maryland was first settled by the Irish Catholics.
- 1635, Connecticut was first settled by the Puritans.
- 1636, Rhode Island was first settled by Roger Williams.
- 1650, North Carolina was first settled by the English.
- 1670, South Carolina was first settled by the Huguenots.
- 1682, Pennsylvania was first settled by the William Penn.
- 1723, Georgia was first settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.

These States were admitted into the Union as follows: 1792, Kentucky; 1796, Tennessee; 1802, Ohio; 1811, Louisiana; 1816, Indiana; 1817, Mississippi; 1818, Illinois; 1819, Alabama; 1820, Maine; 1821, Missouri; 1836, Michigan; 1836, Arkansas; 1845, Florida; 1845, Texas; 1846, Iowa; 1848, Wisconsin; 1850, California; 1858, Minnesota; 1859, Oregon; 1860, Kansas.—*Contributed by Col. W. L. Timberlake, Crichton, Ala.*

WANTED.—A copy of the Life of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, by Hughes. Address the VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., stating condition and price asked.

J. E. Hobeika, Box 306, Dillon, S. C., is collecting material on Gen. R. E. Lee and will appreciate hearing from any of our veterans who served directly under General Lee or his corps commanders in the different campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. Original material especially desired.

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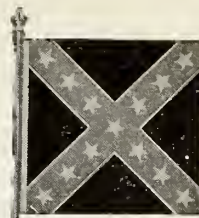
Hon. M. L. Earle, ex-mayor of Jacksonville, Tex., wishes to get in communication with any connections of J. H. Martin, who was the first mayor of Jacksonville, serving during the years 1873 and 1874. It is understood that he moved to Central Texas about 1876 and settled near Hillsboro.

A patron of the VETERAN wishes to get a copy of "The Woman in Battle," by Madame Velasquez, known as "Lieutenant Buford" in the Secret Service of the Confederacy. Anyone having a copy of this book for sale will please communicate with the VETERAN.

W. H. Wood, 229 Center Street, Alva, Okla., wishes to secure any letters, manuscript, or other documentary evidence on the actions of Jefferson Davis during 1861-65, or any book dealing especially with the War between the States written from the Confederate viewpoint. Anything new, not already in books about President Davis will be well paid for.

In renewing his subscription, Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., says: "I purpose to continue to the end—to the last roll call. It is with pleasure that I note the improved appearance of the VETERAN typographically and in the maintenance of its valuable historical features."

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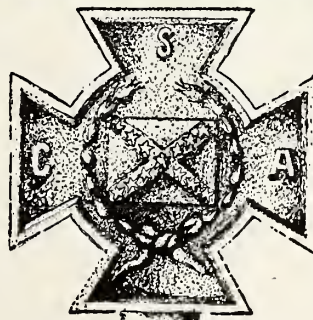
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